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WEEKLY**

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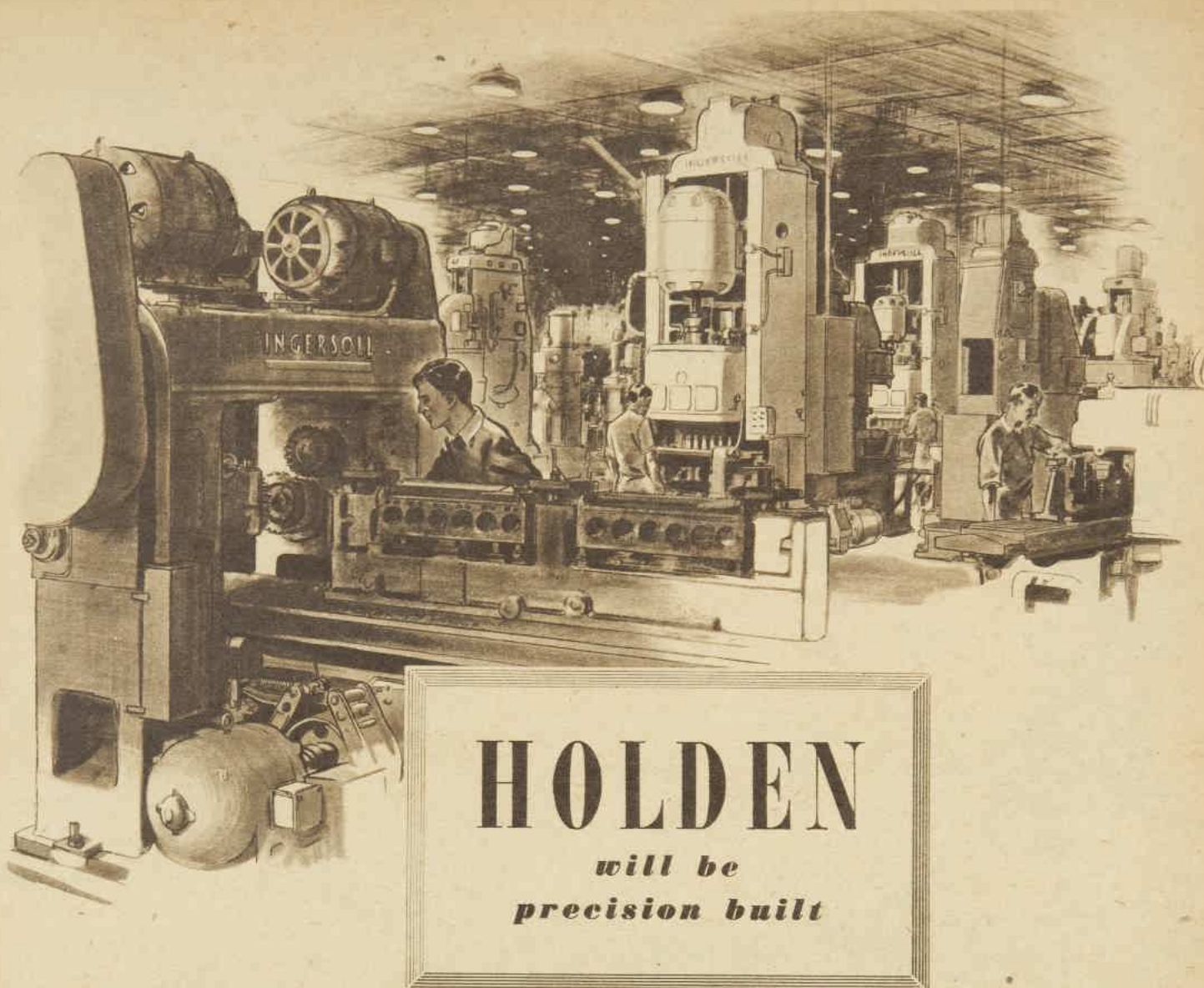
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Get this Free Booklet. Call on or write to any Holden Distributor or Dealer and get your copy of this booklet, entitled "GENERAL MOTORS NEW AUSTRALIAN CAR." It tells you just what General Motors backing of a new car means to you.

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With her eyes wide open

She was really very pretty, Dick thought, studying her quietly in the moonlight.

WHAT do you do about young men like Dick? Young men who take you out three times a week, call you darling and lay a caressing hand on your hair—and never get any further? Young men who tell you you're the only girl in the world, but never ask you to marry them?

There was a lot to be said for the Victorian parent, Janet reflected more than once. Dick ought to be asked his intentions. That'd fix him. Or would it?

She herself was afraid to be too downright with Dick. It might make him go away altogether, and she couldn't bear that. She was heart and soul in love with him, and had been for six months. And now there was this business of Aunt Miranda.

"If only it hadn't happened now!" Janet said to Dick.

"There might have been worse times," Dick consoled her. "You aren't tied up with a job, and spring can be lovely in the country, I believe."

"A nice lot I shall see of it. I shall be tied hand and foot to Aunt Miranda. And perhaps I shan't go."

"I think you'd better, darling. After all, you're the old girl's heir. She's never made any secret of it, has she?" he said, smiling at her.

"I know. And she does need somebody. But, even so, I don't want to leave London."

"Why?"

"She couldn't tell him. He mustn't even guess why she specially wanted to be around just now. It might spoil everything."

Janet was an orphan and Aunt Miranda had brought her up. The old house on the outskirts of the village of Compton was the only home she had ever known. Now Aunt Miranda had broken her leg and was helpless. She had appealed to Janet, and Janet didn't know what to do.

"Surely she could get somebody else to look after her?" she mused aloud to Dick.

"I'm sure she could get somebody,"

Dick agreed. "The thing is she wants you. All things considered, I believe you ought to go."

At that moment, the dance orchestra, which had been silent during the supper interval, struck up again. Dick, who had evidently been getting more and more irked by the direction their talk had taken in the last few minutes, rose to his feet with hardly concealed relief.

"Dance, darling?" he asked.

As the dance came to an end, sensing from her silence that something was wrong, Dick led her through one of the room's large windows on to a terrace overlooking the river and the lighted streets below.

Janet was grateful for the cool breeze blowing up from the water, and went over to lean on the stone parapet.

"What's the matter, darling?" Dick asked. "Not tired already, surely? Or was it just the heat in there? I must admit it is rather stifling to-night."

For a long moment she said nothing, then, turning around, she said abruptly, "I don't want to leave you!"

"I know, darling. I know. But when duty calls—"

He studied her quietly in the moonlight. A pointed face, clear skinned, she was really very pretty, he thought, and if only this aged relative in the country would be obliging enough to die . . .

"You'll write to me?" Janet said wistfully. "Promise?"

"Of course I'll write. There'll be nothing else to do with my spare time. I might even come down to see you."

"I don't think Aunt Miranda would like that."

"A bit of an ogre, is she?"

"Yes," Janet said, "but she has a sweet surface. Too sweet."

Dick came closer and put his arm round her shoulders.

The tenderness of the action, without the tender words which she so badly wanted to hear, was too much for her. Suddenly, all her fears, all her disappointment, burst out in a swift torrent of words.

"Why aren't you sorry to see me go? Why don't you try to stop me; to make me stay here with you, no matter who wants to take me away from you?" she demanded. "If you really loved me, you couldn't bear us to be parted like this, Dick."

"But, darling," he protested, though she could see that her vehemence had startled him. "I've only said that I thought it was your duty to go, and tried to make it easy for you—after all, it isn't for ever, and we have plenty of time left for ourselves."

"Not if Aunt Miranda can help it," she told him. "She's one of those women who are never satisfied until they make all those around them their slaves so completely that they have no time and no lives to call their own."

"Oh, I'm sure you're imagining most of this," he began.

"I'm even beginning to imagine that you don't love me very much after all, Dick." The words were out before she could stop them. "It's almost as though you wanted to be rid of me."

He didn't reply, and it took the

rest of the evening for her to persuade the hurt look from his eyes.

At last the evening was over and Dick saw her home in a taxi to the little flat she shared with another girl. He was good at gestures like that. On the doorstep he kissed her, and Janet clung to him.

"This is good-bye, you know, Dick. I shall go to-morrow."

"Darling, don't look so woebegone! As you've said yourself, it's not for ever."

"I know. But—"

She didn't finish the sentence. She couldn't.

Janet sent Aunt Miranda a telegram in the morning and then packed her clothes. There was very little to arrange. She was an efficient secretary now, and she knew there wouldn't be any trouble

about getting another job when she came back. If she ever came back.

The house near Compton was just the same, shining with cleanliness and white paint. Aunt Miranda was sitting in a chair in the drawing-room with a couple of crutches beside her.

"How glad I am you've come," Aunt Miranda said. "I'm so helpless and there's so much to do. You'll be the greatest comfort, Janet."

"I hope I will," Janet said steadily.

She had foreseen a lot of things before she came to Compton, but she had not foreseen weariness. Utter, desperate fatigue. The relentless, ever-present demands of a helpless old woman.

Aunt Miranda had had a second bed put up in her big bedroom.

"I knew you wouldn't mind," she said. "It's so much simpler if I want anything in the night, you see."

She wanted a great many things between her hot drink at ten o'clock and her seven o'clock tea, Janet discovered. Sometimes it was a hot-water bottle refilled; sometimes it was hot milk; sometimes it was just, "Janet, darling, I can't sleep. Could you read to me a little?"

Janet would read to her, her eyes straining with fatigue over the pages.

In the afternoon Aunt Miranda slept, and she insisted that Janet must rest, too, in her room.

"We can't have you losing your roses!" she said playfully.

Janet's afternoon sleep was seldom a long one. The afternoon was the time when most of the tradesmen came. She would have to put on her shoes and dash downstairs to take in the meat or buy fish or pay for the laundry.

"Such a wonderfully competent person our little Janet has become!" Aunt Miranda said to anyone who called. "She's so kind to her poor old aunt."

Time dragged on with aching slowness.

"I quite see why she wanted me and no one else," Janet wrote to Dick. "Only a relation would stand it, and it's not because of a possible legacy that I'm standing it, you know. No money on earth could make up for this kind of a life, but I owe her something and I can't really run away. Oh, Dick, it's awful."

He wrote back soothingly. He was terribly sorry for her and he missed her, but, of course, he quite saw that she had to see the thing through.

Aunt Miranda said, "Who is your letter from, dear? A young man?"

"Yes," said Janet, and put it firmly in her pocket.

"You needn't be afraid I might pry," said Aunt Miranda humbly. "Have you dealt with the chicken-meal yet?"

"I wrote on Monday."

"It's strange we haven't had an answer then."

That, thought Janet, was the kind of insinuation she was always making. As though one wasn't to be trusted.

"Then there's this business of the milk," Aunt Miranda went on. "We really must have more. Other people do, I know."

"We haven't any priorities."

"Neither have they, most of 'em. After all, we're neighbors. I really think you'll have to go and talk to Mr. Draper, dear."

"I'll go this afternoon."

She jumped at the excuse to get out of the house. It wasn't often that Aunt Miranda let her off the lead.

"You'll be back by four, won't you?" Aunt Miranda said as Janet settled her for her afternoon rest. "Someone might call, and I'm so helpless, you know. I can't get downstairs alone."

Mr. Draper lived on the farm up the lane from Aunt Miranda's house. He had come to Compton since Janet left. Out of the Navy or something, she'd been told.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

they're **SMART**

Youngest Daughter takes a pride in her shoes now—she's a young lady in these attractive styles. Yet they can stand up to tomboy play as well as any of Paddle's stoutly built children's shoes.



GO1—Girl's twin buckle shoe. 11-5. Black patent, white buck, tan calf.

they're **PRE-TESTED**

Here's a New Look that keeps on looking new! Every new design in Paddle Shoes is thoroughly proved in actual wear—proved and improved, till the shoe you buy for your children is as good as a shoe can be.



GO2—Moccasin buckle shoe. 11-7. Tan and white, patent and croc.

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shoes for the Junior Miss

"DRI-GLO" naps for baby's comfort



Super-soft, super-cushiony, super-absorbent "Dri-Glo" Baby Naps are woven in the finest super-quality cotton yarn. Beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic, they're ready for instant use.

Nappies have to be washed and washed. So, like our famous "Dri-Glo" towels, the yarn is double-warp for extra strength. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-soft nursery towels for baby—

Available at stores throughout Australia.

With Her Eyes Wide Open

Continued from page 3

IN the front garden of the farmhouse Janet met a young man with three very small kittens in his hands.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Could I see Mr. Draper, please?"

"I'm John Draper."

"Oh—your father—"

The young man smiled. "My father's in Scotland," he said. "He lives there, as a matter of fact. If I can help you—"

"Do you own this farm, then?"

"I do. Why not?"

"I don't know. I imagined farmers were always old, somehow. They said you'd been in the Navy."

"So you thought I was a crusty retired commander? Sorry to disappoint you. It's true I was in the Navy, but only for the duration."

One of the kittens was trying blindly to get inside the sleeve of his jacket. He pulled it out.

"I'm trying to make up my mind to drown them," he said. "It's awfully difficult. I suppose you don't need a cat?"

"No. I mean, I'd love one, but I'm living with my aunt."

"Oh, yes. You've come to ask for more milk?"

"How did you guess?"

"I know your aunt," John Draper said rather grimly. "You can tell her from me she's getting her ration."

"Oh, dear—"

"I know, but I haven't got the milk, and that's all there is to it. She seems to think that because she lives nearby she's entitled to milk, eggs,

vegetables, and grain for her chickens. There's nothing doing. She's a pestilential old nuisance, and you can tell her so from me."

"I certainly shan't."

"No. I don't suppose you will. You look much too kind. I suppose she's putting you through the hoop, properly, isn't she?"

It was outrageous, but Janet was almost at the end of her endurance. She found herself telling this strange young man all about the reading in the middle of the night, and never having any time to herself, and the endless instructions that she wasn't to be trusted.

"Why do you put up with it?" John asked.

"I owe her something."

"Not all this. She had three nurses before you came, you know. None of 'em stayed more than a few days. Come and see my calves, while you're here. I'm awfully proud of them."

He showed her his calves and his pigs and his newly installed electrical milker. He told her that his people had been farmers for generations. He made her a cup of tea in the kitchen and showed her the inside of the lovely old house.

"It's nearly four o'clock," Janet said. "I must go at once. There'll be a fearful row if I'm late."

"You'll come again?"

"If I can get away."

"Don't be silly. Put the old lady in her place."

Janet ran down the lane. The clock struck four as she opened the hall door.

Aunt Miranda called. "Janet? Janet? What a long time you've been, dear! The front doorbell rang twice, and of course I couldn't do anything about it. I only hope it wasn't anything important."

Janet saw John Draper twice more in the next month. The first occasion was when Aunt Miranda sent her out for a walk. Janet couldn't think why until she found that a cousin was expected to tea. They went to talk me over, I suppose, she thought.

On the second occasion she stole out in the evening while Aunt

Miranda was closeted with the vicar's wife.

Both times John Draper welcomed her warmly. She began to feel as though she had known him a long time. He was so kind and simple and friendly.

When Janet had been at Compton for three months she began to realise that she couldn't stand it much longer. She was getting nervous and upset. Her hands shook so that she dropped and broke and spilled things continually. Her sleep was full of queer, ominous dreams.

She wrote to Dick:

"I must get away. Aunt Miranda's a great deal better. She can get up and down stairs now and even out of doors. I'm in a bit of a dither here, and it seems to be growing on me."

She waited with curious impatience for Dick's reply. Somehow, a lot seemed to hang on it.

Dick wrote by return: "Look, darling, aren't you being just a little stupid? I'm sure your aunt is all you say, but after all, she has got money. Can't you be patient a little longer? One doesn't want to be mercenary, but in this wicked world money is useful and you can't deny it. So be a good girl and do what you're told and I'm sure you'll find it's worth it in the end."

Janet read the letter at teatime,

failed now. She said, "Go. At once. Of all the ungrateful girls—!" But Janet had already gone.

In her room she sat down and cried. Finally she dried her eyes, washed her face and packed her suitcase. Only then did she realise that she'd missed the last bus from Compton. It left at five-thirty and it was now nearly seven.

I can't sleep in the house to-night, she thought. I must get away somehow.

She carried her suitcase downstairs. As she passed the drawing-room door she heard Aunt Miranda on the telephone to one of her cronies. "Such ingratitude, such rudeness," came to her ears. Aunt Miranda was having a wonderful time.

As she walked down the driveway it occurred to Janet that John Draper had a car. Probably he'd drive her to the station. Anyway, there was no harm in asking him.

John Draper didn't drive her to the station. When he saw her walk in through the yard gate, staggering a little because the suitcase was heavy, he left the cows to the milkman and the boy. He took her into the kitchen and sat her down in a chair. He fetched a glass from the corner cupboard and filled it with cowslip wine.

"Mother's own making," he said.

"It's good."

"I must tell you—!" Janet began.

"Don't tell me anything yet. Just sit still."

She obeyed him, feeling peace flow through her. Somewhere an old clock ticked noisily, and past the window the cows went back to pasture.

"You've run away?" he said at last.

"Yes. I couldn't stand it. The last straw was Dick's letter."

Then she told him about Dick. John Draper made no comment. He laid the kitchen table for two, and fetched bread and cheese and a lettuce from the larder. Then he went away and she heard him speaking on the telephone.

"It's all fixed up," he said when he returned.

"You'll have some supper here with me. Then I'll drive you to Mrs. Glad-

stone. She's my housekeeper and she has a spare bedroom in her cottage."

"I meant to go back to London."

"Why?"

"Well, there didn't seem anywhere else to go."

"You're tired," John said. "You'd better stay here until you've decided what to do. Afterwards, perhaps, you won't want to go."

The kitchen was very quiet, and in the stillness Janet found herself thinking: If he loved anyone it would be because they were themselves.

Aloud she said, "No, perhaps I shan't want to go, but I may have to. I've got to earn my living."

"There are all sorts of jobs. I have an idea you won't have to go away. But come and eat now. We can talk later. You've got to forget all that's happened, and just look for to-morrow."

"Yes," Janet said. "Yes."

She could feel, already, the misery and bitterness of her disillusionment over Dick leaving her. There was peace in this quiet house and healing in John's calm assumption of authority.

He wasn't a man to rush things, but his hand fell gently on her shoulder as he drew her chair out.

"Our first meal together," he said.

(Copyright)



"It's not the ten shilling fine that is crushing Alfred's spirit. It's the humiliation of standing in line with the other law-breakers."

while she stood in the kitchen waiting for the kettle to boil. It had come by the afternoon post, and it seemed, for a moment, just part of the long, difficult day. There was no comfort here. None of the consolation she'd expected.

Suddenly, pouring water into the teapot, she discovered that she was angry with Dick. Monstrously angry.

She had written him an appeal for help, and he had told her to be patient and remember the money. She felt as though she'd been slapped in the face. Her hands shook as she carried the tea-tray upstairs.

Aunt Miranda had her letters on the table beside her. She said, "Janet, dear, I'm afraid you've made rather a silly mistake. That form you filled in for paraffin—you muddled up weekly and monthly consumption. You really must try to be a little more careful. No daydreams—"

Janet's control snapped. She did not like to remember, afterwards, all the things she'd said, but Aunt Miranda had goaded her to fury. Aunt Miranda and Dick.

Dick was in London, but Aunt Miranda heard exactly what Janet thought about her; that she was selfish, inconsiderate, and a slave-driver. That she trusted nobody and expected to get more than her share of everything, and that Janet didn't mean to put up with it any longer.

Even Aunt Miranda's sweetness

stone. She's my housekeeper and she has a spare bedroom in her cottage."

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

LIONEL HONEYMAN, about to be divorced by his attractive wife POLLY, is found shot dead in the grounds of Cliffside, seaside home of wealthy EDGAR RUTHERFORD.

Present at Cliffside are Polly; OWEN SHELTON, in love with her; Dr. JOHNNY BARLOW and his fiancée, ELISE PRESTON; Edgar's cousin, FENELLA SHAW; SUNNY ELLIOT, housekeeper; TODD, the gardener.

INSPECTOR GROGAN, assisted by DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MANNING, is in charge of investigations. He brings to light numerous puzzling and conflicting features, including the discovery that Fenella Shaw is the owner of a typewriter on which anonymous letters have apparently been written.

Meanwhile, Edgar, Johnny, and HUGH MEDLEY are keeping secret the fact that "SMITH," a stranger wanted in connection with inquiries, is on Medley's houseboat with a bad attack of malaria. After examining him, Johnny arranges for Medley to signal him by lantern if "Smith" appears to grow worse.

That same night, suddenly convinced that Edgar is hiding the murder gun, Polly comes to his room and offers him a drink, which rouses his suspicions.

NOW READ ON:—

FOR a long moment, Polly stood rigidly waiting. Then with a laugh that sounded reasonably natural, she said, "Don't argue, drink it down and go straight to sleep."

"Oh, well . . ." He put out his hand.

She turned away, her nerves taut, as he lifted the glass. Every sound in the room became grotesquely accentuated—a whole lifetime seemed to be crowded into a moment.

The moment lengthened.

There was such a silence from Edgar that presently she had to turn and look at him.

He was standing, with the glass raised, looking at her with an expression she couldn't interpret.

He had taken one taste of it, and as her eyes met his he put the glass back on the tray. He said: "What have you done to that drink?"

She stammered: "What . . . What do you mean?"

"What's in it? Some other grandmother's remedy?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. It's the lemon. It's bitter, you're not used to it." Avoiding his eye, she turned back to the table.

He caught her wrist and drew her round to face him again. "Polly, why are you trying to poison me?"

She pulled her arm away. "Oh, don't be crazy! You must be dreaming. If you don't want it, all right, leave the stuff alone."

"I'm not dreaming. There's some foreign taste in that drink. Will you swear there's nothing in it but whisky and water and lemon?"

"And sugar."

"I see. You won't swear it. Will you drink it yourself?"

"Certainly I will." She took up the glass. But Edgar quickly took it out of her hand and walked to the window with it.

He said, "I don't know what you're up to or why you're behaving in this queer way." He tipped the whisky out the window and came back with the glass in his hand, poured the last trickle out to the tray and dabbed his finger in it.

Then he looked up at her. "There, you see? What's this white powdery deposit?"

For a moment she stood silently

The CLIFFSIDE CASE

looking down at it. It had gone too far, it had all gone too far to try to dissemble any more. She said at last, "It's a sleeping draught. Barbitol."

"A sleeping draught? What did you want to put me to sleep for?"

She hesitated, then walked across to the desk. She was screwing up her resolution now to be determined in a different way. "I wanted to unlock that drawer and find out what you had hidden in it."

He stared at her. "So you were going to dope me and rat my locker, eh?"

"Yes, I was. You've got something hidden in that drawer, and I think it's Lionel's revolver."

"All right." He took up the key ring and threw it to her. She caught it deftly. "Look for yourself. It's the small key, the little flat one."

She turned and unlocked the drawer and pulled it open.

Inside, as she had expected, lay the revolver.

She looked at it a minute. "Then I was right."

"You were. Very clever of you." There was a sneer in his tone.

"A locked drawer in here? But how did you manage it? The police looked everywhere for the weapon?"

"Yes, didn't they?"

"How was it they didn't find it?"

"Oh, they're not so clever as they think they are. I rubbed Grogan's nose in another gun and it took his mind off looking any further here for this one—put it in a hollow log and started the fire going on a night as hot as this."

"Another gun?"

"One I've had ever since the war.

I'd forgotten I had it till the other night."

"You certainly have got a nerve." She glanced down at the revolver again, put out her hand to take it up, then drew back.

He was watching her. "Well, aren't you going to take it out? Don't you want to clean it off, as they say? That's what you came for, isn't it?"

She thought swiftly. What did it all mean? Was there a trap here? She said to herself: Don't! Think before you touch that revolver for the first time. Wait.

Leaving the drawer still open she walked back to the table. "Clean it off?" she repeated. "Why?"

"Well, if your fingerprints should be on it—"

"But they're not, they're not!" she cried, cutting him short.

"They're not, eh?"

"No. Are yours?"

"No, mine aren't."

"How did you come by it, then?"

He seemed to hesitate quite a while before he answered this. "It was lying beside Lionel's body when I found it."

"But—but Owen was with you. You said—that night when you told me—that you called him first from the drawing-room and both ran down there together."

"That's right, but I was a bit ahead. He didn't see the gun. Rita couldn't have seen it, either. It had fallen near his hand almost under a bush, but a shaft of moonlight was just reaching it, glinting on the barrel. I picked it up in my handkerchief and put it in my pocket."

"You must have thought with extraordinary speed," she said.

Now she could see the faint smile

on his lips. "I do sometimes, you'd be surprised."

She felt diminished by the way he was playing with her attack. She said coldly: "Well, I don't know what you're doing this for, but I tell you frankly, now that I know the revolver is there, I'm going to tell the police."

"Are you?" He shrugged indifferently.

"Yes, I am. Unless—unless," she added weakly, "you can give me a reason why you've kept it hidden."

"But I gave you a reason, a very good one, I think. I thought your fingerprints might be on it."

She said: "That doesn't convince me, I'm afraid. If that were so, why didn't you wipe the gun clean yourself and let the police find it?"

"Not such a good idea. Supposing the prosecution built up a strong case against you? I might have taken a chance then and turned in this gun, in the hope that they'd find not your prints on it but somebody else's—Owen's, Johnny's."

She laughed a little wildly. "Or Fenella's, Elise's, Todd's, the ferryman's on the wharf!" She turned and walked across the room again. She seemed to be getting nowhere.

One thing he'd said she found it hard to believe. She turned back from the window and asked: "Tell me, Edgar, honestly—do you really think I shot Lionel?"

"Well, I can imagine you killing someone who'd done you a lot of harm and feeling that it had happened quite by accident, that you hadn't done it, that—well, that kind fate had somehow stepped in and done it for you."

"Rubbish! I've never learnt to

By . . .
MARGOT NEVILLE

think in that crooked way. Anyhow, why did you jump so instantly to the conclusion that it was I?"

"Because that night I knew he'd gone down there for a stroll, and later I saw you come from down there—hurrying back."

"Where were you?"

"What? I forget. I think I was in the morning-room."

"Well, anyhow, I told the truth about that."

"Yes, when a grass seed betrayed you!"

"I know, but the main facts were true. Shall we take each other's word for it?—I didn't shoot him nor did you. So we'll give this revolver to the Inspector to-morrow and let him see what he can make of it. Do you agree?"

He hesitated for the fraction of a second. "All right, I agree."

Once again she put out her hand to take the gun, but Edgar crossed the room quickly and slammed the drawer shut.

She protested: "But you just said you agreed!"

"So I did, but let's leave it there till morning."

"What do you mean? You can't fob me off that way. I warn you I'm going to tell the Inspector."

"That's all right, I didn't ask you not to."

"Give it to me, then."

He turned again to the desk. She thought he was going to do as she asked, but instead he locked the drawer and dropped the keys into his pocket.

"Don't let's haggle over a small point like that," he said pleasantly: "who's to keep the gun overnight? That's nothing to compete for. It's a nasty, unpleasant thing to be carrying round. You'd better leave it there."

She tried to seem satisfied. "Very well, then, but you promise me that in the morning you'll hand over this gun to the Inspector?"

He said smoothly: "I promise you that in the morning I'll hand over Lionel's gun to the Inspector."

Early next morning, Detective-Inspector Grogan came into the office where Detective-Sergeant Manning was typing assiduously. He laid a fragment of match on the blotter in front of his assistant.

"Remember where we found that?"

Manning glanced at it indifferently. "Yeah, I remember. On Rutherford's private beach."

"That's right. Now, who uses what in that little circle?"

"Who uses what?"

"Yes, when they're smoking. Rutherford himself uses a gold lighter. Shelton's is gold too. Barlow uses matches. Smokes a pipe and takes about five to get it going. His little lady, Preston, doesn't carry a light, just looks round helplessly when she wants one. Shaw?—hers is blue enamel. Mrs. Honeyman?—Tortoiseshell and gold. The housekeeper doesn't smoke. Todd gets his from the cook, I'll lay a sack. See what I'm getting at?"

"I see, yes—that it's none of them that struck this match and chucked it down on the beach."

Please turn to page 7

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Interesting People



MRS. ALICE WRIGHT

finds secretaries

FINDING confidential secretaries for famous people is career of New York's Mrs. Alice Wright. Says: "Selecting secretaries is like casting a play. Types must suit the employer." Her three-way test: the specific ability required, reliability, easy-to-get-on-with temperament. Among her clients have been late Wendell Wilkie, columnist Dorothy Thompson, hat designer John Fredericks, John Powers, head of Powers Model Agency.



MR. ADRIAN ASHTON

domestic architecture

NEW appointment for Mr. Adrian Ashton, of Sydney, well known for his domestic architecture, who has become president of Royal Australian Institute of Architects, N.S.W. Chapter. Born in Adelaide, was educated there and in London and Sydney. Received professional training at Sydney Technical College. Says: "No typical Australian house has yet been evolved; but the standard of domestic architecture is higher than 25 years ago."



MISS DORLY SHIPP

table tennis

HOLDER of the Australian National Table Tennis Women's Singles Championship for 1948 is Miss Dorly Shipp, of Sydney. A factory welfare officer during daytime, she plays table tennis one night a week—two nights weekly before championships. Is member of Hakoah Sports Club, of Sydney. Was also winner this year of N.S.W. and Victorian State titles. Says: "Game is ideal for business girls, calling for quick decisions."

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 5

GROGAN said thoughtfully. "Oh, well... that's taking me up a bit sharp. But the first night when Rutherford came at us with this tale about 'Smith'—"

Manning gazed at him mournfully. "Smith? Oh, we aren't back at 'Smith,' are we?"

"Too right we are, and what the housekeeper, Elliot, said about him."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'I noticed his hand was shaking when he pulled off a match.'"

"H'm." The sergeant looked down at the match again as though he might take more notice of it.

Grogan said: "Somehow, I didn't recall her words till I found this match. Didn't recall them then, as a matter of fact. They just came to me a minute ago, when I felt it in my pocket. Doesn't it strike you that her saying, 'tore off a match' instead of 'struck a match' has got the ring of truth in it somehow?—not like what she'd invent. See what I mean?"

"You mean, this bloke did come to see Rutherford that night? He tore off that match walking along the beach. Which looks as if he came and went by ferry and not by car, though nobody down there can call him to mind."

"Hold on, hold on. He may have come by ferry, but how do we know he went back by it? Or went back at all?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Because that match wasn't struck the night of the murder." It was thrown down on the beach a few hours—couldn't say just how many—before you and I walked along there yesterday morning. Do you remember how it had rained the night before? Well, that match hasn't been wet."

"That means that if 'Smith' did throw it there he did it early yesterday morning. So we should look for 'Smith' round Cliffside, not on the ferries that went back to town. We haven't done that yet, not believing in him."

He paused, then added decisively: "But we will. We'll go over there this morning and look."

When they arrived at Cliffside, some time later in the morning, Edgar intercepted Grogan, took him to the garden-room, and handed over the gun. Grogan took the incident calmly. He didn't see that there was anything to be gained by protesting to Rutherford over concealing the weapon all this time.

He reasoned that either he was getting the truth about it or he wasn't. Questioning wasn't going to squeeze any more out of Rutherford after this voluntary act. He sent the gun in to Headquarters to Carter, the ballistics man.

When the Inspector left the garden-room he stopped to speak to Todd, who was clipping a lawn edge with a pair of shears. "What's up with your finger? Had an accident?"

"No, it's a whitlow." Todd stood up. Any chance to down tools wasn't to be missed. He held out the grubby bandage. "Honest, mister, the pain that that thing's given me! You wouldn't credit it."

"I believe you. They can be very painful, those things."

Todd took out a cigarette. Then he felt about in his trouser-pocket, took out a folder of matches, and tore one off—a flat pink match.

Grogan reached over and took the folder out of his hand. "Where did you get this from?"

"What? It's—it's on'y a book of matches."

"I didn't ask you what it was, I asked you where you got it."

"I don't know where I got it. I couldn't say. I'm a heavy smoker, I always have a match on me."

"I know you do, you use the kind they do in the kitchen—noticed it the other day. That's not what I'm talking about. I asked you a question. Come on, now, answer me. Where did you get these?" The detective moved a step nearer.

Todd moved back. "I never ever thought he'd mind. You can't call that pinching. They was in his room, I just didn't happen to have one on me at that moment."

"Whose room?"

"The boss', over there."

"Rutherford's? He carries a lighter."

"Well, he must've forgot it for the once, 'cos I went in there to speak to him and he'd just come back from Medley's."

"Medley's? That's the bloke with the houseboat?"

"That's right. He must have got 'em off of him. While I was talking to him he took 'em out of his pocket and lighted a cigarette and threw 'em on the table. A bit later I found myself without one so I goes in and gets 'em."

"What day was that?"

"Let me see. Not yesterday—day before, it must've been, in the morning."

"Did you chuck one of these matches down on the beach yesterday?"

"I might've." Todd blinked his monkey eyes nervously.

Grogan dropped them into his coat pocket. "Okay," he said. "You'll have to go up to the kitchen next time you want a smoke."

Grogan and Manning and a constable made quite a crowd in the small dinghy. With their combined weight the boat settled down snugly when the last man stepped in.

There wasn't a sign of life around the houseboat as they approached. Nonetheless the dinghy tied up below and they mounted the ladder.

Grogan stepped across the deck. There was a hammock slung at the far side, and in it Medley was lying asleep. Dead asleep, as comfortably unconscious as a man could be.

Grogan stood a moment looking at him without comment—sifted him all right to have the host asleep!—then he followed Manning down the companionway.

The saloon concealed nothing. Manning crossed it and drew back the sagging curtain from the cabin doorway. He said, peering at the figure on the bunk: "You were right, Kev, there's a bloke in here."

Grogan came behind and looked over his shoulder. He said, before they'd had time to step inside: "No, there's not, there's a corpse."

Half an hour later five men were gathered in the houseboat saloon, and it's unlikely that there'd ever been such a tight fit there before.

Medley had seemed dazed when Grogan woke him. He'd seemed for a while not really to believe that his guest was dead. Poor old "Smith." Dead, eh?

Well, well, poor old boy, he'd got rather fond of him. The Inspector knew, of course, that this was a poor bloke he'd taken on board because he was coming down with an attack of malaria—a stranger in a strange land and all that sort of thing—he'd felt sorry for him.

Yes, actually Rutherford knew he was here, and Barlow, the doctor, had seen him last night. Poor old "Smith," eh?

Grogan had sent the constable ashore, but the police doctor hadn't arrived yet—"Smith's" peace was still undisturbed. Edgar and Johnny had been sent for and had come back in the dinghy with the constable.

Now Grogan was speaking, facing them in the saloon:

"So all these days you kept this man hidden though you knew we'd got a search out for him? You say he wasn't a friend, you didn't know what he was doing here or what he'd come for. You just kept him hidden, dying of malaria, out of sheer goodness, so he could die comfortably and not be worried by police questioning?"

Edgar said: "Those are the facts. We did all we could for him, we didn't think he was going to die."

Johnny said flatly: "Definitely not. When I saw him last night round about nine-thirty there was no sign of collapse or heart weakness. But no medical man can necessarily foresee sudden heart failure after high fever."

Across from the two detectives the three were sitting on the tattered settee. It was hot in there, very hot.

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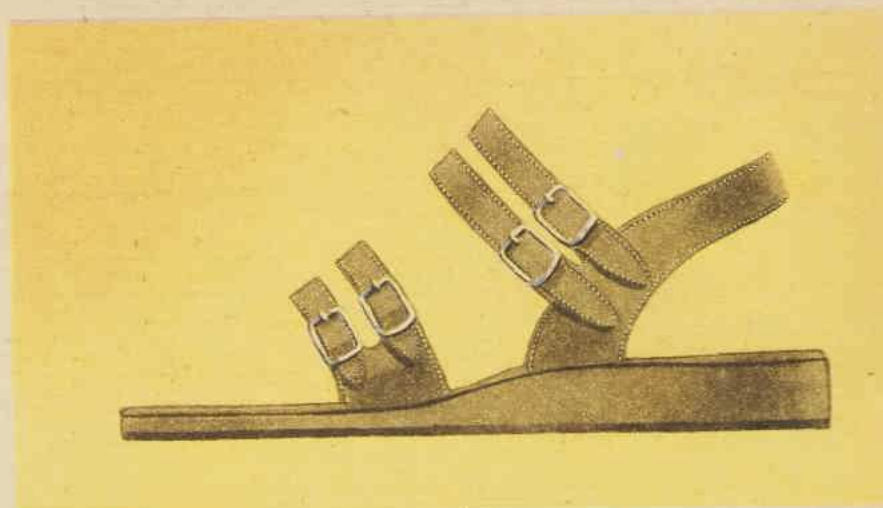
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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 13, 1948

BE FAIR TO THE BRIDE

By
**Lawrence
Williams**

GEOFF slipped his key into the front door of the place which he had come, rather nervously, to call home. He always felt faintly like a trespasser in the incredible sixteen-room house—rather as though he had somehow got hold of the back-door key to the museum and that he was prowling round after hours.

Like all unfortunate victims of the housing shortage, Geoff and Kath were obliged to live in a place radically different from one they would themselves have chosen.

It was all a part of the thing Geoff was still trying to get used to after three and a half months of having married into one of the country's richest families.

When he and Kath had been fruitlessly tramping the streets in search of a home, her father had wanted to buy them outright a positive mansion, and it had taken Geoff some time to convince his father-in-law that he and Kath intended to live within the limits of his salary as a chartered accountant.

The next day, Mr. Hurrister had advanced another, less fantastic, proposal. It seemed that one of Mr. Hurrister's partners, an amateur art collector, was about to leave on a trip abroad. He would be more than happy to lend his home to his partner's daughter and son-in-law during his absence.

Geoff had dropped everything at once and rushed to a hurried interview with the partner.

The older man had not proposed to ask any rent, but when Geoff insisted, he had good-naturedly mentioned a sum nearly double what Geoff had hoped to pay for a home.

Geoff, in his desperation, accepted it anyway, and that evening, when he and Kath went to see the house, he saw that the amount of rent he had promised to pay would just about, but probably not quite, manage to purchase the most puny article of bric-a-brac in the innumerable cabinets. However, his conscience was clear on the matter, so he and Kath had moved in.

He was heading towards the kitchen when he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, and a voice said, "May I see your pass, sir?"

He spun round, stumbling slightly in the two-inch pile of the carpet, and saw Kath, dressed for the street, standing in the hall and smiling up at him. She was wearing her mink jacket that had been her father's last birthday present.

"I was beginning to think you'd run out on me," he said, in mock reproach, taking her in his arms and kissing her.

"You won't have any such luck," she assured him solemnly. "I warn you, you're landed with me for the rest of your life. Did you get your mail?"

"No—where is it?"

"In the dining-room. An air mail letter from a place called Broken Tree. Where in the world is that?"

"Broken Tree!" Geoff stopped for an instant, then hurried Kath more quickly along the corridor. "There can't be two towns in the world with a name like that," he said. "It's right out west somewhere. The letter must be from George Squireson. You remember my telling you about George, don't you? We were together practically all through the war. He's a schoolteacher in ordinary life. You'd like George."

"I know I would," Kath said.

Geoff found the letter propped against a handsome silver teapot, opened it quickly, and skimmed through its contents.

"Well, what do you know!" he said at length. "George is going to be married next week. He's going to marry someone named Mary. Think of old George! He wants us to come to the wedding. That'll be great, won't it?"



"You're landed with me for the rest of your life," Kath said.

There was only the faintest trace of incredulity in Kath's voice as she said, "The wedding will be in—in Broken Tree, won't it, darling?"

"Oh, yes. But we'll fly," Geoff said enthusiastically. "I can get a few days off from the office. You do want to go, don't you, Kath?"

"I'd love to go, darling," she said. "I'd love to see George and Broken Tree and Mary, and go flying over the country with you. Let's send

a telegram right away, shall we?"

Very early two mornings later they stood beside their suitcases at the front door. They were ready to leave, but for some reason Geoff didn't pick up the bags. He was looking at Kath in a peculiarly detached way which was unnatural to him. She was wearing her mink jacket and mink-trimmed hat with a travelling suit, and it could have

been expected that Geoff would find the effect quite satisfactory.

Instead, he shook his head from side to side, almost sadly. "You know, Kath," he said at length. "There's no sense in deceiving ourselves. You're the most beautiful woman in the world. It's too bad about Mary."

"What? Mary? Why?" said Kath. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, how would you feel," Geoff continued, "if you lived in a little town like Broken Tree, and you were

getting married to a nice chap like George, who only makes a poor, underpaid schoolteacher's salary, and it was supposed to be the biggest day in your life, and then one of the people you invited to the wedding turned out to be the most beautiful woman in the world? You're going to steal the whole show out in Broken Tree, Kath. Do me a favor, will you?"

Kath laughed. "That's ridiculous," she said. "I'm glad you think it's true, but it really is ridiculous. What is it you want me to do?"

"Leave your mink jacket behind." "Well, if you really want me to, darling, but—"

"This is a little country town, Kath," Geoff went on earnestly. "The kind of town I come from. They're all fine people—the best people—but they live simply. You'll probably knock them all dead anyhow, but in mink and with those gold clips on your suit every woman in town will be looking at you instead of at the bride. You wouldn't want that to happen. I repeat, it's unfair."

Kath didn't reply, but patted her husband thoughtfully on the cheek and then went into her bedroom. When she reappeared after a moment she was wearing a tweed topcoat and a felt sports hat.

The business of reaching Broken Tree by plane was not a simple one. The complete journey via the regular commercial air routes was, in fact, impossible. It was necessary to transfer from the plane to a small privately run one which went as far as a place called Wyatts-ville, then transfer to a train which went almost, but not quite, as far as Broken Tree. This train George Squireson had promised to meet.

It was early afternoon when they reached Wyatts-ville. Their train was not to leave for over an hour, so, leaving their luggage, they set out to investigate Wyatts-ville unhampered by anything but their coats and a little attache case in which Geoff had put some odds and ends.

It developed after five minutes of walking that there was remarkable little to see in Wyatts-ville proper, so they walked to the edge of the town and sat on the slope of a hill.

They were just starting to walk back to the airport when they distinctly heard the shrill bleat of a train whistle.

Geoff looked quickly at his watch. "Good heavens," he exclaimed. "It's stopped. We'd better go and find out the right time."

They began walking quickly for the station. When a second whistle blast sounded they broke into a run, and the third caught them racing wildly along the station platform, barely keeping pace with the already moving train.

"Jump!" shouted Geoff, and Kath jumped, landing in a horizontal position on the train with a run in her stocking. Meanwhile, Geoff dropped his bag.

By the time he picked it up the length of the carriage had passed him. He put his head down and broke into a run. Then he made a leap at the back of the last carriage, and landed on top of his bag.

A few minutes later Kath and Geoff met in the middle of the train. Each saw that the other was whole, and Kath started to laugh. Geoff, however, did not seem to be amused.

"That's right," he said lugubriously, "enjoy yourself while you can, because it won't last long. I've just realised that our luggage is still at the airport. All our clothes, our wedding present for George, everything."

There was a dismal silence. "Well, anyway," Geoff said at length a little hollowly, "we may be able to get them in time for the wedding the day after to-morrow, Kath. I'll send a wire from the next station—if there is a next station."

Kath nodded vaguely, looking down at the inch-wide run in her stocking, her scuffed shoes, and her crumpled travelling suit.

Please turn to page 22

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Mary Hordern's Paris Notes

● Diaper suit, at right, is made of new vivid red nylon fabric in one piece with darted bodice. It is from Calixte.

● For the youthful swimmer Carven designs a bloomer-suit, at right, of striped cotton weave and has with it a beach bag by Calixte of wicker and matching striped material.

★ Fashion accent this summer is on what you wear with your swimsuit, rather than the suit itself, which is cut as a brassiere or corset to give maximum support and comfort with minimum coverage.

● Gres, artist of coloring, designs a green circular cape with a small up-standing collar to wear with a full skirt of palest pink.

● Mad. Carpentier, above, hooks a wasp-waisted skirt of candy- and white striped cotton over a black swimsuit.

● Jean Dessès buttons a square décolleté printed cotton jacket over a yellow linen suit and ties on a full skirt to make a charming frock.

● Marcel Rochas makes the beach bag, at right, with a centre split closed by loops of fine cord.

Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina—War Years

Bereft of son, she takes chance to leave Russia

Third instalment

MY son went off to become a soldier at the moment of the greatest peril to Moscow. It was a moment when the love of Russia stirred in many hearts despite hatred for the Soviet regime.

Communist propaganda knew how to exploit the patriotic upsurge of the people. Oleg, too, was eager to come to the defence of the fatherland, but I hoped that he would first get adequate training in the Red Army.

"Mamochka, how will I know where you're going to be?" he asked at parting.

"And I won't know where to reach you, Olya," I cried.

We arranged that I would try to make my way to Gorki formerly Nizhni-Novgorod, where one of my sisters was living, and that we should keep in touch through her.

Until the last hour, when the Germans were already within artillery range and when rumors of the evacuation of Moscow were flying thick and fast, I clung to our school.

I could not bear the thought of abandoning it to the invaders. The last Communist officials to leave reproached me for showing such sentimentality.

"Go and join the partisans," was their farewell shot to me. I had never handled a rifle.

Three years later I revisited Tsuchkovo, and to my horror found nothing but rubble and ruins where the school had once been.

The elaborate mansion housing the fine library and museum, and all the other buildings, had been burned to the ground.

I found Ossipova, a former resident, still there. Her hair had turned snow white.

She told me that the Red Army had taken over after my departure, and set fire to the institution, in accordance with Stalin's scorched earth policy.

From other folks who had survived the occupation, I heard tales of German atrocities. The people who remained behind were decimated, maltreated, and robbed by the German "liberators" as they had never been even by the loathed Communists.

Subsequently, I encountered a colonel who, upon discovering that I had taught at Tsuchkovo, remarked nonchalantly:

"So that's where you live, eh? I put the torch to it myself. That was some collection of books you had there."

But I never really anticipated such an end on the day, October 15, 1941, when I started out in the direction of Moscow.

At three o'clock that morning six of us teachers left our school, each carrying a bundle of essential belongings.

The wintry sky was alive with fiery activity. The Germans were reported to have enveloped Moscow from three sides.

At six o'clock we crossed the Moskva River and reached the suburban station of Kubinka. From there we got to Moscow by train.

I had virtually no money, and went with one of my companions to report to the Commissariat of Education. After interviews with aides to Commissar Potemkin, I was assigned to a teaching post in the city of Barnaul, in western Siberia.

I was then told: "Come early to-morrow morning for travelling expenses."

That day the sky of Moscow was filled with smoke from the burning of confidential archives in innumerable

Synopsis

IN the first two instalments of her life story Mrs. Kasenkina, the Russian schoolteacher who jumped from the window of the Soviet Consulate in New York, told of the effect of the Soviet regime on the lives of herself and her family, and the loss of her husband, who, though he had carefully avoided politics, disappeared in the great purge of the '30's.

Moving from the Ukraine to the Moscow district to make a new life and to remove her son from the influence of the Soviet Youth organisation, she was caught up in the German invasion of Russia.

NOW READ ON:

able Government quarters. The wind whirled charred papers in the air.

Everybody saw that the Communist bureaucrats were in a state of panic. Many openly expected the end of Soviet rule.

Towards evening there was an air-raid alarm. We ran to the nearest shelter in the subway at the Byeloruss Station. There we spent the night.

The following morning we made our way to the Commissariat of Education. Outside there were automobiles loaded with trunks and cases. None of the officials was inside. Commissar Potemkin and all his aides and staff had fled.

Overnight a tremendous change had come over Moscow. Directors of factories and heads of departments had emptied their treasuries, commandeered cars, and fled eastward.

Workers and employees were abandoned to their fate. Only the building superintendent remained in the Moscow Soviet.

"We have no money," my companion and I cried, explaining that we had been told to come in the morning for travelling funds.

The old man shook his head, waved his arm in the direction in which all the big shots were escaping, and took pity upon us.

He gave us all he could spare—150 roubles each—with the advice: "Go as far as you can with this."

During the next few days, while I was trying to locate a train bound for Gorki, the centre of Moscow took on the aspect of a deserted city, except for marching army units.



CITY WOMEN building defences when the German advance swept towards Moscow.

Occasionally one heard the explosion of a bomb and the roar of a collapsing structure.

On the highways leading out of the city ruthless measures were being taken to stop in their tracks looters who were fleeing with caravans of goods. The booty would be taken away, and the plunderers shot on the spot.

On October 20, when residents were convinced that Moscow was as good as taken by the Germans, I got close enough to a train scheduled for Gorki, and was swept on to its platform by a frenzied mob.

It was a human anthill, with people clinging to the roofs and windows of the cars. Wedged in the passageway between two-end platforms, I somehow managed to reach Gorki, some 300 miles away.

My sister astounded me upon my arrival with the announcement that Oleg had been there.

My joy at hearing from my son lasted but a fleeting moment. Even before I had time to lay down my belongings in my sister's apartment, she dropped the ominous words:

"Oleg is in the N.K.V.D.'s special Red Army detachment. He left his address."

I asked her to send a telegram to him telling him of my safe arrival.

"What's this N.K.V.D. unit?" I inquired with trepidation. "Why isn't he in the regular army?"

Reluctantly my sister revealed that the Red Army had organised under the supervision of the N.K.V.D. special punitive battalions for malefactors, slackers, and sons of political transgressors.

It was now clear that the military authorities had caught up with Oleg's family history. It is the iron-

clad Soviet practice to visit upon innocent children the "sins" of their parents.

"Wasn't it enough for them to kill my Demyan?" I cried out. "Must they also destroy my son?"

Within a week Oleg showed up in response to the telegram. He had obtained leave to come to bid me good-bye, and what with the travelling conditions at the time, he had only 15 minutes to spend with me before catching a return train.

It was the end of October. Snow was falling, a cold and penetrating wind was blowing.

My heart sank within me when I saw the boy still wearing his

By Oksana S. Kasenkina

summer clothes and a pair of sneakers.

"What kind of a unit are you in?" I asked.

"There are all kinds in it, from riffraff to sons of bourgeois," Oleg explained. "It'll be a shock brigade."

"But why don't they put you in uniform? And why don't they give you training?" I cried.

"Mamochka, they are taking us to Vladimir, where they promised us everything, and then we will be all right," he tried to reassure me.

"Now don't you cry, and don't you waste your strength on pitying me. I know how to take care of myself," he continued. "I want you to think of yourself and save me all the worry about you."

Oleg went off, and I broke down watching him disappear into the street. He wrote to me from Vladimir that his detachment was being sent off to Moscow for equipment.

My son wrote me twice from the Volkhov Sector of the Leningrad front. He had not received there any military training of consequence.

It was the beginning of one of the cruellest winters of the century. The Germans were desperately trying to encircle and take Leningrad.

Against their powerful machine the Red Army was throwing into action, at least in one sector, Oleg's detachment of raw youths.

In December I received a note from the boy asking me to send him some zwieback. That meant that he was not getting enough to eat. I sent him a parcel of biscuits.

Then came a postal card. Oleg wrote that his group was preparing to carry out a very important mission, and that the fate of many of the boys would depend upon its outcome.

That was the last word I had from him. The food parcel was returned to me unclaimed.

On January 12, 1942, I was called to the local office of the Commissariat of War. There I was handed the announcement:

"Oleg Kasenkin — missing in action."

There was no further information. But at that instant I felt, only the way a mother can, that they had murdered my child as surely as

if he had been shot in the back by the N.K.V.D.

Yet I never abandoned hope that he would come back. During the ensuing years, in the Soviet Union and in America, knowing that the Germans had taken millions of Russian prisoners, I kept myself going with the prayer that Oleg was alive and would turn up.

Throughout that fierce winter in Gorki, when the wounded from the Leningrad front began to pour in, filling all the hospitals and all the school buildings converted into hospitals, I was constantly on the alert for some message about my son.

All daytime school work was discontinued, but evening classes were improvised instead. I divided my time between giving courses at night and doing hospital work during the day.

My job was to write up the medical histories of the cases. Lying as I do now in this marvellous New York hospital with its fabulous cleanliness, equipment, care and humane personnel, I shudder to recall the neglect of our wounded and the gruesome sights I witnessed.

The catastrophe which Russian arms had suffered at the front, with the Germans at the gates of Moscow, Leningrad, and in the depths of the Ukraine, loosened many tongues.

Although every hospital had its vigilant commissars, the boys gave vent to the mood of the army.

"Where is our preparedness, for which we made all those sacrifices during the five-year plans?" they murmured.

"Where is our equipment? Why couldn't they even provide us with enough food and cigarettes? Why weren't we ready?"

"Imagine not having enough rifles!" one of the boys exclaimed. "We were suddenly thrown into action to meet a German attack with one rifle for every ten men."

It might have been the voice of my own Oleg.

"Was that how he met his end?" was the thought that haunted me.

The Germans carried the war even to Gorki, where a big automobile manufacturing plant is located. One night when I was teaching school, there was an air raid.

Before we had time to find shelter, a bomb exploded nearby and a splinter fractured my right arm. I carried it in a cast for a month.

It was not until the Battle of Stalingrad was over, when the German tide which had swept over my native Donetz country was turned back, that I returned to Moscow.

Everywhere I saw evidence of American lend-lease supplies, from long caravans of tanks to canned ham which became the Red Army delicacy.

I reported to the Commissariat of Education and was assigned to the Stchukin school, 40 miles south of the capital.

It was here that I received word, shortly after my home city of Slaviansk had been evacuated by the enemy, of the death of my father during the war. My mother had passed away earlier.



RUSSIAN YOUTHS of a "suicide battalion" in Leningrad bring out their wounded. Mrs. Kasenkina's son was a member of one of these battalions, who went into action with practically no military training.





COLLECTIVE FARMERS and their families, returning to the Ukraine after it had been laid waste by the Soviet scorched earth policy and the German invasion, live in makeshift dwellings.



MRS. KASENKINA, the Russian schoolteacher who jumped from a window of the Russian Consulate in New York, samples a sweet from one of the boxes among hundreds of gifts sent to her in hospital.

I secured permission, with great difficulty, to go to Slavyansk. My father had owned our little home, and, having lost all my belongings in the first onslaught of the war, I was anxious to take possession of the house and see if I could salvage some family belongings, especially as I had been robbed three times during 1943 alone.

Theft and hold-ups became routine for the residents of Moscow in those days. To be stripped of your coat, purse, and bundles in any street of the capital, except the main avenues in the centre, was common.

But there were many cases, and I witnessed some myself, of persons stripped naked in the street by gangs of marauders to whom even underwear was marketable loot.

I was hoping against hope, even when I visited Slavyansk, that somebody there might have word of my missing son. I found my sister Anya, whose husband had been purged, among the survivors.

The centre of the town, where many battles had raged, was a heap of rubble.

The great church of Slavyansk, which in the early days of the Bolshevik upheaval had been shut and converted into a motion picture theatre, was reopened by the Germans as a church. And now the Communist authorities allowed it to function as such.

This was during the war, when Stalin was capitalising before the world on his policy of religious freedom. I even witnessed at Slavyansk a conclave of priests from the entire region, but whether the church is still open for services these days I do not know.

Upon my return to Moscow I served for more than a year as a substitute teacher, filling in wherever an instructor was needed in branches of the natural sciences.

The director of schools in the Timiriazev district, where I lived and worked, was Karsavina, an outstanding woman educator who soon elevated me to the position of supervisor for six schools. I guided there the inexperienced teachers in my field of knowledge.

In the autumn of 1945, Karsavina received a call to submit half a dozen names of highly qualified instructors of unquestioned social origin for duty abroad.

It meant that only persons hailing from workers or Communist families would be considered. This call was an event.

We knew that the Soviet Government had established special schools in America, France, and other countries for the children of our foreign staffs.

A faint hope stirred within me at the thought of America, but I stifled it.

Karsavina assigned me to take over the generalised school of the Peter Alexiev textile mill, employing over 1000 workers, mostly women. Several teachers had tried to

organise it and failed, she told me. I quickly discovered why.

The classrooms were unheated, mouldy, horribly filthy. The children were truant because they were hungry, and were either begging for food or trading some stolen article for bread.

I persuaded the factory authorities to turn the workers' clubhouse into schoolrooms. Then I made a strenuous effort to get some clothes and footwear for the ragged and barefooted urchins.

When classes began to attract some pupils, I argued the authorities who operated the factory lunch-room into feeding the youngsters.

All that the children got daily was a bowl of very thin barley soup with one spoonful of mashed potato.

But the bait worked like a charm. The children knew that the price of attendance was this hot "meal."

Soon Karsavina informed me that my name, with a recommendation, had been submitted by her to the school division of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for service abroad.

I later realised that my assignment to the factory school was a test for that rarest of all opportunities that come to a Soviet citizen—permission to go abroad.

The destruction of the centre of Slavyansk, with all the local Soviet records, made it possible for me to conceal from the authorities in Moscow the fact that my husband had been purged.

For six months prior to my departure I was kept in a state of suspense while I was subjected to innumerable interrogations.

As I progressed from rung to rung on the inquisitorial ladder, I never knew when my very life would be forfeited if my lie were discovered.

I made up my mind to state in all my declarations that I was a widow, and that my husband had died in 1927.

Six months of interrogation

First I received a call to report to the Personnel Department of the Commissariat of Education. Here I was interviewed at length as to my qualifications and experience.

I was given a paper directing me to report to the Department of Personnel of the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs.

When I got there I found myself applying for a pass in front of a peephole, one of many little windows staring at me, before I was directed upstairs to Comrade Andreyenko, who later came to join our Soviet school in New York.

He hinted to me that I was being considered for an assignment to Paris, asked me many questions, and explained that I would have to deal with difficult children and parents.

After convincing himself that I was not afraid of the responsibilities, he advised me to come back the following day to fill out a set of three questionnaires.

These three documents covered

the widest range, and had to be accompanied by a full autobiographical sketch. When I got through filling out the papers, I made notes for myself of all dates and key facts, so that I would not make a slip at the next stage.

To be caught in a discrepancy would be fatal. I wrote in my autobiography: "My husband died in 1927."

In answer to the question, "Why do you want to go abroad?" I declared that having lost my husband and son, this trip would make me forget my grief.

I added that, all my things having been destroyed in the war, I would be able to acquire a wardrobe abroad. It would have been equally fatal to display any anxiety to leave the country.

A week passed before I was called again to the Foreign Commissariat. It appeared that my three questionnaires were satisfactory, but more copies were needed.

That indicated that my application was moving forward, but that at the same time a further check was to be made.

I was given another stack of questionnaires to fill out. With the aid of the notes I had made, I acquitted myself of the task.

Then followed weeks of investigation by the N.K.V.D. Agents came to examine me and ask me questions about my sisters. Teachers in the district told me that they had been interviewed about me.

I would get mysterious telephone calls. Once I found a message to call the N.K.V.D. about a certain local teacher who had been purged as a counter-revolutionary.

I knew that if I did not answer the call it would be interpreted as an admission of my having known him. Boldly I telephoned the N.K.V.D. headquarters and informed them

that I had not been in the district long and had never known the man. Time dragged on. I got orders to report to the

forbidding premises of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, nerve-centre of the Soviet dictatorship, which inspires awe in nearly all Russian hearts.

The interior of this impressive edifice is heavily draped, and I had a feeling shared by all those waiting there that many cars lurked behind the heavy drapes.

I was inspected at every step here. Finally I was ushered into the presence of Alexandrov himself, then Stalin's chief aide in the field of education, whose position was more powerful than that of the Commissar of Education himself.

Alexandrov, the author of a famous Communist handbook on pedagogy, has since been removed for heresy. He was a cultured man, and in the course of the interview asked me if I knew English.

It was clear that I was slated for America. He also inquired if I was acquainted with foreign schools, and then casually dropped the question as he looked at my papers:

"Your husband died, eh? Died in 1927, I see?"

I was scared. In the back of my mind the thought flashed, "Do they know the truth? It's the Lubianka (N.K.V.D. prison) for me!"

But I looked him straight in the eye and answered, "Yes, he's dead."

Twice more I was called to the Central Committee for further scrutiny by two other top officials. One of these was a hard-bitten and vicious examiner.

He gave me a long lecture on how I should behave in America, that I should study the political situation, look into the causes of unemployment, and explore the diseases of capitalism.

Then came more visits to the Foreign Commissariat, this time to fill out questionnaires and take pictures for a passport.

And all the while one had to suppress the joy of the hoped-for release, to watch one's step and one's tongue. I kept wondering if it was all a dream after all.

May arrived. I received a call to report to the private shop of the Foreign Commissariat maintained for special government officials.

I had never believed that I, a teacher, would get inside one of these much-envied "closed" stores maintained for the aristocracy.

The Soviet Government is anxious to put the best face on all of its representatives abroad.

I was fitted out with a black suit, and although the cloth was of poor quality it was thrilling. I also acquired a blue summer school uniform, a woollen dress, a leather purse, a pair of shoes, a coat, and a trunk.

When all these things were delivered to my little abode on the outskirts of Moscow, the neighborhood was agog.

Teachers and strangers came to

view this luxury, feeling the clothes admiringly and discussing their quality and value.

As I was leaving for the station a neighbor came to bid me farewell. He whispered into my ear:

"You're going to America. Don't ever come back here!"

No one knew that this was my decision.

I first saw New York at dawn on June 15, 1946, from the Soviet freighter Kirov, a former Liberty ship.

Being just a plain teacher, and not a Soviet bureaucrat, I had spent some seven weeks travelling from Moscow to America, with long stopovers at Black Sea ports, and on board ship in Marseilles and Gibraltar.

I was conducted to the diplomatic school on East 87th Street at Park Avenue, where I was quartered in a pleasant room.

Vice-Consul Sorokin assigned a teacher, Valentina Orlova, to act as my escort. She had been in the United States for quite a while, and it was not long before I discovered that she was a member of the Communist Party.

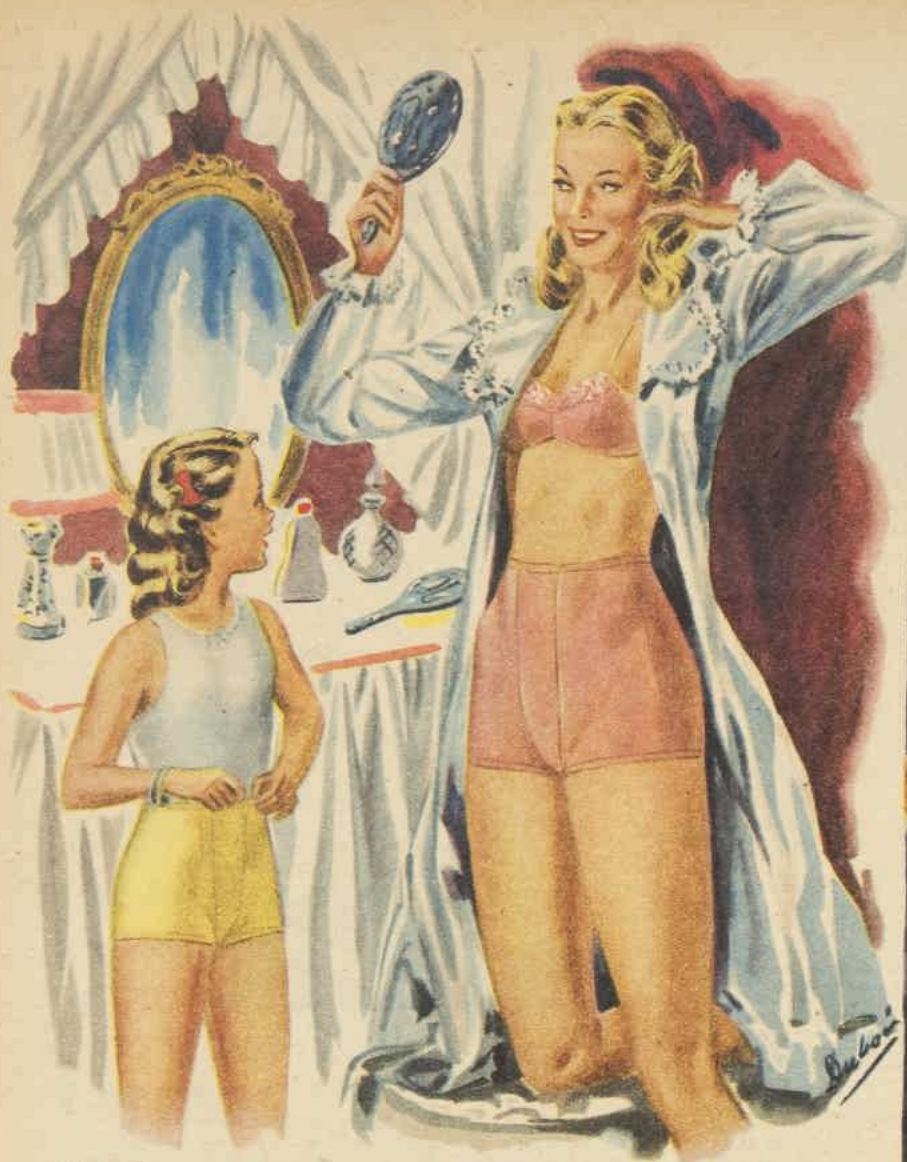
My first contact with life in America was a visit to a delicatessen store. I could not believe my eyes at the sight of all the meats and other food products. Everything seemed so cheap to me, with no ration cards and no queues in the street.

"What wealth!" I could not help exclaiming. My companion looked askance at my uncontrolled exuberance.

I was taken on a tour of the parkway along the Hudson River, and it seemed to me like a scene from paradise—the fabulous traffic against the background of great natural beauty.

Continued on page 15

Page 13



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Eagley Softaspun . . . the ideal cotton interlock fabric, so form-fitting in its elasticity, so velvety soft of texture, so light and smooth to the skin, so comfortable that it has achieved unchallenged pre-eminence as the perfect post-war underwear fabric . . . Eagley Softaspun Briefs for women and girls . . . Eagley Softaspun Athletic Vests and Multi-featured Trunks for men, in the most absorbent and downy-soft fabric that will not chafe even the tenderest skin. It launders so perfectly that even boiling will not spoil it, and it is guaranteed by the famous name—Eagley.

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AT ALL LEADING STORES

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Life story of Mrs. Kasenkina

TO think that all these myriads of automobiles were being driven by capitalists! Could it be that everybody in the United States was a capitalist, I mused.

Next I went on a shopping trip to leading department stores.

That there was no limit to what anyone could buy, and that the stock was inexhaustible, seemed incredible to one who was accustomed to standing in line in Moscow, often to be told that the article you had been waiting for was all sold out.

And what Moscow teacher could afford to shop in the best department store there—the Mostory.

The wonder of wonders was the five-and-ten-cent store.

A Soviet citizen in her sweetest dreams cannot conjure up such a profusion of everyday goods, and I was astonished that the throngs outside did not clean out the shelves and counters in a mad rush such as would occur in Moscow were such a magic store to be opened.

"So this is what the United States gives its people," I remarked to my guide.

This was heresy, especially since it was the unwritten law among all the Communist officials to run down everything American.

These Communists stocked up with more American goods than the ordinary Soviet citizens and yet they were the loudest in berating American merchandise as compared with Russian.

On a walk through Central Park, Orlova casually asked me: "What kind of a tree is this? And what's that?"

I quickly perceived that I was being given a test in natural science. I had occasion to show off my knowledge to the ignorant Communist girl when I pointed out to her that in America there are different species of oaks and maples, whereas in Russia we have but one kind of these trees.

I had no trouble in identifying the various flowers and shrubs, and obviously made a deep impression.

This examination was clearly inspired by the local bureaucrats, who did not altogether trust the Moscow authorities. Suppose I had a "pull" back home, and managed to get for myself a junket to America as so many Communist teachers did?

They earned it through denunciation, spying, and similar service for Soviet dignitaries.

That I was to live in a little Soviet America grew apparent almost at once when it came to the question of how to handle one's mail back home.

Of the dozen teachers in our school some had airmailed letters to their folks in Russia through the United States post office.

These innocents had dropped their letters in an ordinary mailbox. We were all called together and given this broad hint:

"We understand that some of our teachers are sending letters through the United States mail. Why not send it through the Soviet diplomatic pouch?"

We took this as an order, knowing full well that our mail would be censored in the Soviet Consulate, but realising that failure to hand it in would entail severe penalty.

It also meant that I could not write the truth about America. An enthusiastic description would subject me to suspicion.

Together with the censorship of mail went a ban on subscribing to American newspapers. Only one New York paper, "Rusky Golos," printed in Russian, a pro-Soviet publication following the party line, was recommended to us.

To be seen with the other Russian daily, the anti-Communist, "Novoye Ruskoje Solvo," a democratic paper, was dangerous, and one had to read it secretly.

I fell sick two weeks after my arrival and ran a temperature, but kept at my duties. In the midst of it the director appeared with an order from the consul that I vacate my room within 24 hours.

I protested that I was ill and could not move upon such notice. He demanded that I sign the order.

Continued from page 13

The following morning my papers, books, clothes, and even plant specimens were tossed helter-skelter into boxes, and I was taken with my belongings to 89th Street and Columbus Avenue, the apartment of Alexander Y. Porojniakov, secretary of the Soviet Consulate.

"I'll never forgive you this forcible moving," I flung at the director before leaving.

The room now assigned to me was dark, facing a shaft. It did not even have a radiator, so that in the winter it was cold and the door had to be kept open to get some heat.

Porojnikov, a Moldavian Communist from Bessarabia, had the mark of the N.K.V.D. about him, as did his wife Zoya. From now on I had to watch my step, whether I went for a walk, to shop for groceries, or to visit a museum.

To be seen in conversation with a stranger might have serious consequences.

The long shadow of the N.K.V.D. began to black-out the sunny promise of life in New York.

The little Soviet America in which I lived was mirrored in its various phases at the Glen Cove estate on Long Island of the late J. P. Morgan, the international banker.

The place had been acquired shortly before my arrival as a rest home for Soviet representatives.

Within three months it became a source of humiliating news throughout America when the neighbors

Scandals at holiday resort

raised a scandal over the ugly behaviour of the visitors to their shores. I was inside Glen Cove during that affair.

Although I had landed in New York in mid-June, I found that the Soviet school had not completed its courses because of a shortage of teachers.

Final examinations were scheduled for July 15, to be followed by graduation exercises for a class of six high school students. Altogether the school at that time had some 100 pupils in all grades.

Late in July I was overjoyed to learn that a group of us teachers would be sent to Glen Cove, where the children of Soviet officials were in camp.

I looked forward to the opportunity, as I was anxious to be in the country to study the flora and the insects of America.

At the great fenced-in estate on Long Island we were met by the woman in charge of the children's camp who announced:

"You'll have to take care of a group of little girls."

"Are there no nursemaids here?" I asked.

"No," was the blunt answer.

I protested that I was a specialist in natural science, that I had planned to conduct seminars in nature study and start collections of plants and insects.

"Forget your plans," the manager retorted. "We have quite a few tots to take care of, and that's what we brought you here for."

The room in the impressive mansion which I was to share with another teacher would have been ideal for rest. But adjoining it were two dormitory rooms in which 14 little girls were quartered.

These were our wards, and the two of us had to serve both as nursemaids and chambermaids to them, from washing their hair to cleaning their bathrooms.

The mothers of the little girls were having the time of their lives, coming and going, and disporting themselves on the beach, where every luxurious house in the neighborhood had been rented by the Soviet authorities to accommodate all the staffs.

I had occasion to tell these mothers what I thought of them:

"You idling aristocrats, you should be ashamed to turn us teachers into nursemaids for your children!" I told them.

We were warned to stay on the grounds, which, to be sure, were ample enough. "It's best not to go

outside the boundaries," was the unmistakable hint given us.

The famous flower gardens were dying of neglect, the vegetable gardens were unwatered and untended. Poison ivy was spreading everywhere.

Wherever I went for a walk, I came upon empty bottles, dirty cartons and boxes. Garbage littered the grounds.

I asked myself: "How can our Government send such people to represent Russia abroad? And why is it that our top diplomats, from Gromyko down, who spend their week-ends here, tolerate such a disgrace?"

The American Press soon discovered the scandalous state of affairs within our domain. Neighbors complained of the pollution of the nearby waters and of the nudist bathing.

The papers made the most of another picture, showing an attractive girl from the Amtorg (trade section) who had been snapped by the photographers in Eve's costume. There were immediate repercussions.

The girl lost her job in America and was hustled back to Russia.

A public scandal is something which the uncouth Soviet aristocracy cannot abide. The president of the Amtorg himself was recalled, we heard, because of the incident.

There was no help in our little Soviet America to look after the small children and no attendants to take care of the grounds, but of spies and watchdogs there was no shortage.

When I sneaked out with another teacher to go shopping in the village five-and-ten-cent store, she looked around and hurried me, "Poskoreye—make it quick!"

At the estate itself, when I retired of an evening to work on my specimens, I would find young Communist stalwarts snooping around.

This perennial vigilance, however, did not extend to theft. I was warned upon my arrival at Glen Cove by one of the teachers not to keep more than a few dollars about me.

We had no key for the door of our room. Daily there was an uproar about missing valuables.

Everybody was suspicious of all the others. I rebelled at the indignity of our status, for teachers were looked down upon as an inferior caste.

At our 87th Street school in New York I was plagued with the same vice. There were so many cases in my classes of money and things vanishing that I determined to root out the evil.

Several of the students who had become attached to me joined me in a plan to trap the thief. One of the boys hid inside the fireplace when everybody went out for callisthenics.

Sure enough, the thief appeared and was caught in the act. She was the daughter of a ranking Amtorg official.

This was the beginning of the bounding campaign against me. The father of the culprit threatened me with dire punishment. I was taken to task by our Communist supervisor for exceeding my duties.

When I argued that I regarded moral education as part of my task, he burst out:

"Since when are teachers supposed to be investigators?"

After this I was ostracised by the Communists within the Soviet colony. They treated me like a pariah, and my loneliness grew deeper than ever.

NEXT WEEK

MRS. KASENKINA deals with the persecution and surveillance she endured from her Communist associates because of her outspoken approval of some aspects of American life.

With a date set for her return to Russia she plans to stay in America and carries out a last-minute dash for freedom which, however, fails.

Tea was hardly worth stopping for...



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The rubbish tin is where flies breed. You kill adult flies and stop all breeding when you spray the tin ONCE A MONTH with Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. Spray. Rain won't wash it off.



Once a month, spray Taylor's NUMBER 13 on curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets, skirting boards etc. Bedrooms free of mosquitoes! The house free of silverfish! No more flies or other insects!



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AT ALL STORES EVERYWHERE

RESULTS: £2000 Cookery Contest

ENORMOUS SUCCESS WITH HALF-MILLION ENTRIES

Our £2000 Cookery Contest attracted a spectacular flood of half a million entries from every corner of the Commonwealth. After exhaustive tests, the prizewinners are announced in this issue.

- GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE OF £1000 for best Budget and Menu Plan goes to Mrs. KEITH MORRIS, of Albert Street, East Malvern, Victoria.
- RECIPE SECTION PRIZEWINNERS are on pages 20 and 21 with judges' comments.
- CONSOLATION PRIZEWINNERS are on page 34.

Bank clerk's wife wins £1000

Mrs. Keith Morris, who won the £1000 prize for the best Food Budget and Menu Plan, is the wife of a Melbourne bank clerk, with a family of four children.

She based her prize budget menus on everyday meals she serves for her family. Her budget will be published in detail next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris live in Albert Street, East Malvern. Their children are Wendy, aged 10, John, seven, Susan, three-and-a-half, and William, nine months.

Told she had won the £1000 prize, Mrs. Morris said: "I really feel quite overcome. I never really thought I had a chance of winning. I entered the contest as a matter of interest."

"Several times during the month I spent working out and costing the budget I said I thought I wouldn't enter the competition after all, but the children insisted that I go on with it."

Wendy said: "Someone has to win it, Mummy, and you have as much chance as anyone else."

In working out her ideal budget, Mrs. Morris says she just jotted down items from her daily menus over a period as "good for the budget."

"I couldn't test it out completely on my own family," she explained. "In the contest I budgeted for two adults and two children at £2/10/- a week."

"In real life my housekeeping allowance is £4/5/- for the six of us. This amount includes every item of housekeeping from food to floor polish."

"My husband has a separate fund for gas and electricity, which works out at about 5/- a week."

"He also meets clothing bills, and wages of a girl who comes in for half a day a week to help with the cleaning."

Mrs. Morris makes all the children's clothes and many of her own. She does her own laundry and all her own shopping at nearby suburban stores.

She plans menus three or four days ahead for economical buying.

"My real understanding of tasty, nourishing food came when Wendy was born. She was a Truby King baby and it was then I discovered practically everything I know about food values and cookery."

"All the other children are Truby King children, too. In fact, my entire budgeting is based on my own development of Truby King methods."

"Not that I have much option now," she laughed.

"Even if I felt lazy about giving the family nourishing, well-balanced meals, I couldn't get away with it."

"Both Wendy and John take a tremendous interest in their school broadcasts on food and nutrition."

"For instance," laughed Mrs. Morris, "they insist on having a 'four-legged' breakfast. This means fruit, cereal, milk, and eggs or meat. The man on the wireless said they must," they explain.

Called "Mrs. Careful"

"UNTIL they demanded these 'four-legged' breakfasts I used to think a lighter breakfast was enough," Mrs. Morris said.

"I have been on my toes with all the other meals, too."

"If ever I suffer the slightest lapse I'm called 'Mrs. Careless' by the children. When all is well, they proudly call me 'Mrs. Careful'."

"They hear over the air that 'Mrs. Careless' is the kind of mother who would make a custard in the morning and put the bananas straight into it, hours before it is eaten."

"There would be a great fuss, too, if ever I cooked potatoes without their jackets or were tempted to put soda in greens."

Mrs. Morris says her mother was a good cook, but admits that as a former office worker she hadn't much practical experience before her marriage twelve years ago.

Typical of her commonsense attitude towards making a real career of homemaking is that when she became engaged she attended three evening classes a week at the Emily McPherson Domestic Economy School in Melbourne for about twelve months.

Baby William, affectionately known as "Beefsteak" — because Susan used to pronounce Billy as "Bully" — has just added an extra pint of milk a day to the weekly milk bill.

As a Truby King baby, he is developing a relish for his morning porridge.

Porridge is an every morning "must" in the household, even on Sundays.

Mrs. Morris brings the cereal to boiling point every night after dinner, takes the saucepan off the fire and wraps it in a blanket to allow slow, nutritious cooking throughout the night.

Mrs. Morris, who, like her husband, is in the middle thirties, begins her day when "Beefsteak" rings the alarm at six a.m.

Her husband and the children at down to breakfast at eight.

She plays waitress role at this meal, but never fails to sit down to a "four-legged" breakfast herself when calm descends upon the house after the departure of her husband for the office and Wendy and John to school.

The children return home again for lunch because their mother feels a home meal is preferable to a packed one.

As a bank officer, Mr. Morris has not had a settled address for a long time, so they rent an unfurnished bungalow.

There's an open piano in the sitting-room where Wendy does her practising every morning, and a good selection of well-bound books ranging from Everyman's Library classics to poetry and travel books.

On the walls are tasteful landscapes and seascapes, painted by Mr. Morris, in ivory frames.

"My husband loves painting," confided Mrs. Morris. "That's one of the reasons why we don't grow our own vegetables. He likes to spend all his spare time painting."

Typical of the teamwork between this ideally happy pair was Keith Morris' offer to hand-print and set out the prize budget entered by his wife in The Australian Women's Weekly to Contest, as she didn't have access to a typewriter.

His handwork at lettering didn't end there. A few weeks later, when



£1000 WINNER, Mrs. Keith Morris, with her two youngest children, nine-months-old William, and Susan, aged three-and-a-half.

he went away for a fortnight, he made out a long blue chart of responsibilities to be accepted by the children during his absence.

Drawn up in three columns under the names of Wendy, John, and Susan were lists of chores to be performed each day.

Red crosses beside day and date show occasions they fell down on their jobs, and red ticks illustrate where they came through with flying colors.

Three-and-a-half, flaxen-haired Susan's instructions were simply to be a good girl every day, and to strip her bed every morning.

And, incidentally, that fortnight away earned his wife a nice tribute.

"I used to think my wife a good cook," Mr. Morris said, "but I only realised in that two weeks away from home just how good she is."

Mrs. Morris is paying her cheque into a joint bank account she operates with her husband. A donation to the United Nations Appeal for starving children will have first priority when she starts spending it.

"It breaks my heart to think of so many other children being hungry when I think of my own happy, healthy brood," she said.

She will buy a new piano and refrigerator, and put a sum aside as a nest-egg towards the purchase of a home of their own some day.

Dietitian's comments

ENTRIES in the Food Budget were of such a high standard that in addition to the three judges, Mrs. Eve Gye, Mrs. Jean Bowring, and Miss Charmian Maynard, dietitian Miss Elaine Miatt, B.Sc., was called in as an expert consultant.

PRIZE RECIPES IN BOOK FORM

● Prizewinning recipes from our Contest will be published in book form. Shortage of space due to newsprint restrictions makes it impossible to publish them in this paper, but such a valuable aid to housewives must not be lost. Therefore, a book is being compiled and will be on sale at an early date.

Miss Miatt is acting chief dietitian of Sydney Hospital. She is an associate of the New South Wales Institute of Dietitians and holds her Diploma of Dietetics from the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

"I think this contest has fostered interest in foods and diet, and as a result most families will spend their available money on essentials rather than luxuries," said Miss Miatt.

"The Australian Women's Weekly is to be very highly commended on promoting such a contest to help make Australian housewives more food-conscious."

"The prizewinning food budget fulfils every condition of entry. It complies with all nutrition requirements, the amount of money has been wisely used, and a reasonable amount of variety has been introduced in the recipes."

"Most housewives have shown they have a very good working knowledge of feeding their families on the right type of goods, giving them an adequate and nutritional intake."



APPETISING MEAL brought to table by Mrs. Keith Morris, while the family wait eagerly for it. From left, John (7), Mr. Morris, Wendy (10), who puts on baby William's bib, and Susan (3½).

OUR COOKERY CONTEST

OUR £2000 Cookery Contest, of which results are published this week, has shown what an interesting and stimulating career a housewife may make of the job she has chosen.

The woman who marries and undertakes the running of her home can regard housework and cooking either as drudgery unworthy of her higher abilities or as a challenge to her brains and ingenuity.

The happy housewife has chosen the second view.

There is no more exciting career than that of homemaker.

To run a home efficiently these days, a woman needs to be something of a scientist, an economist, and an artist. She needs qualities of patience, versatility, and cheerfulness, and, as well, must be prepared to work hard for long hours.

Entries in our Contest, and the letters which accompanied many of them, proved that Australian women find ample reward in their lives when they try to measure up to these high standards.

They find satisfaction and content in creating charm and graciousness in the home, in making the most of available funds and food, in bringing an element of surprise and art into dishes served, and in managing their time and work to provide a measure of leisure.

Our Contest was designed to give these wizards of the hearth a chance to demonstrate their magic and win some extra rewards.

Congratulations to them all. Australia can be proud of them.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"That's fine—but can he do the clove hitch?"

WORTH Reporting

HEARING that Skipper, the grey nurse shark at Taronga Park Zoo aquarium, had had her 12th birthday in the aquarium, we visited her. Skipper has been swimming round in circles, night and day, for the whole 12 years except in the spawning season.

Swimming with her are other fish—wobbegongs, Port Jackson sharks, fiddler rays, snapper, salmon, black bream, trevally, and old wife. Also several lazy turtles.

Mr Jim Walker, officer in charge of the aquarium, told us that some years ago two turtles which were tired of swimming decided to hitch-hike. They hung on to Skipper's fins and travelled round on either side of her.

This went on for quite a while, very pleasantly for the turtles, but the aquarium officials decided it wasn't fair to Skipper. One day the turtles were scooped from the pool and dumped into the Harbor. A moral for other turtles.

Skipper eats 250 pounds of fish a year is firm and sleek, and ignores orange peel and oddments thrown into the pot by visitors.

Once a visitor fell in, but well-fed Skipper ignored him too.

He was a boy of 18, who took a short cut by trying to jump across the corner of the pool and failed.

"He climbed out so fast," says Mr Walker, "that he hardly got wet."

There are also porcupine fish in the pool. "There's always a place for them," says Mr Walker, peering into the green water.

One day a visitor released a valve in the pool, and the water began to run out quite quickly. The water level had dropped several feet, when a small porcupine fish got caught in the valve, and began to swell until it was the size of a bolster. (It didn't hurt it. Porcupine fish can do this with ease.)

Aquarium officials came running to fix the valve and release the porcupine fish, which reverted to its normal size.

If it hadn't been for the porcupine fish, acting like the little Dutch boy on the dyke, Skipper and company mightn't have lived.

But, tragedy averted, life goes on in the pool ruled by Skipper, largest, with most teeth, and the porcupine fish, bravest, with the most unusual mouth. It's square.

Blankets for Princess

A CHANCE remark led to Mrs. W. S. Hatfield weaving the six presentation pram and cot blankets sent by the Country Women's Association as a gift to Princess Elizabeth.

Mrs. Hatfield is handicraft demonstrator and president of the Wollongong (N.S.W.) branch of the C.W.A.

"It all began," Mrs. Hatfield told us, "when a visitor to Sydney Royal Show saw some of the woven baby blankets displayed at the C.W.A. cottage."

"Aren't they beautiful, she said, 'they're fit for a princess!'"

The six presentation blankets are woven of Australian wool. The largest is six feet long. Mrs. Hatfield, who took up weaving only four years ago, told us that she made them in two weeks.

"But what a two weeks!" she said. "I wouldn't like to have to do it again. It literally meant working day and night."

"I'm an old woman of 65, with four married children, and I've made plenty of baby blankets," she continued, "but I've never been so honored as I was making the six for the Princess."

As well as the presentation blankets, Mrs. Hatfield has made three replicas, which will be exhibited later by the N.S.W. Country Women's Association.

Mrs. Hatfield chose what she thought the most appropriate traditional weaving patterns, Queen's Delight, Lover's Knot, and King's Flower, adapting them when necessary.



"Yes, I could make out on your salary, Johnny—but then, what would you live on?"

Harp revival

ALTHOUGH there are only five or six professional harpists in Sydney and not many in the whole of Australia, harp playing is coming into its own again. Modern composers such as Arnold Bax are using the instrument more and more in their chamber music.

When Sydney's newly formed chamber music group, the Sinfonia da Camera, gave its first concert recently, the harp played a leading part.

Harpart in the group is Miss Elizabeth Vidler, who brought her beautiful modern instrument back with her from America, where she completed her studies with Salzedo, after being a pupil for some time of Sidorova Gossens in London.

Salzedo, who likes modern furniture, designed a harp specially for his pupils, and has given it a line like a New York skyscraper. The one owned by Miss Vidler is made of sycamore.

Miss Vidler had her instrument sent from America in a huge trunk made with slats, and whenever she takes part in a concert the harp is moved in the same trunk.

The changeable climate in Sydney is apparently even harder on harps than on human beings, for according to Miss Vidler the instrument is extremely sensitive to climate.

"Humidity flattens it terribly," she said, "and a strong westerly makes it sharp. At least the tone becomes rich and full when it flattens but the westerly makes it very harsh."

"Tuning it is no joke, as it has 47 strings and you have to tune each one."

"Even when you are on the platform a bad draught will alter it and you have to use the tuning key, although you try to do so as little as possible."

"I think the harp is being used more and more for chamber music because it blends better than a piano with the woodwind and other strings," commented Miss Vidler.

Quiet at quins' town

A CANADIAN correspondent tells us that Callander, Ontario, birthplace of the Dionne quintuplets, once as crowded with visitors as Coney Island on Sunday, is now a ghost town.

Even Papa Dionne's souvenir stand, where he proudly sold mementoes of the birth of his daughters, is becoming dilapidated.

The paint is peeling from a huge mural of the five laughing babies.

A number of cars came to Callander this summer, but most of them kept right on going into the fine game and fishing country nearby.

The girls, Annette, Cecile, Marie, Emilie, and Yvonne, are now 14. Always accompanied by their parents or one of their older sisters, the quins frequently come two miles from their farm home to Callander, or go to North Bay, 11 miles away.

The number of visitors began declining six years ago when Papa Dionne decided that visitors could no longer watch his daughters play in the wire-enclosed yard near their home.

Correspondence aunt

AN English music teacher, Miss Evelyn Dainty, has acquired an international family of nieces and nephews.

Recently she wrote to an Australian journalist, asking him if he could put her in touch with an Australian boy or girl.

"Being an only child," she wrote, "I haven't any real nephews and nieces. Last Christmas the baby brother of a little prince of Pakistan whom I was tutoring called me 'Auntie' in the Urdu language."

"It gave me the idea and since then I have 'adopted' a dozen boys and girls from three continents, ranging in age from 11 months to 18 years."

"The parents keep me in touch with the little ones, and the bigger ones write to me themselves. All call me Auntie Evelyn, and my mother is hailed as 'Grandma.'"

"So far I haven't been in touch with an Australian boy or girl. I am very much interested in Australia, partly because we 'adopted' an Australian prisoner-of-war during the war."

Miss Dainty who is 27, lives at Brookland, Green Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex, England.

Sailing family

MR. M. E. DAVEY, whose yacht Trade Winds some weeks ago won the race from Sydney to Montague Island and back, has a family just as keen on sailing as he is himself.

When Trade Winds isn't racing she carries a crew consisting of Mrs. Davey, the two daughters—Jeannette, 14, and Morna, 12—and the family cat, Tich.

Before the Montague Island race, Jeannette made a spinmaker on her mother's sewing-machine. The spinmaker stretched from one end of the house to the other as Jeannette worked on it.

"And then," said young Morna, "the Great Dane from down the road chased Tich across it and it was covered with dog and cat footmarks."

Morna, incidentally, is named after the yacht owned by Mr. Claude Plowman, of Sydney, because the name appealed to her parents.

Jeannette sometimes takes her place in the crew in shorter races, and Mr. Davey says she pulls her weight and expects no special consideration.

But the Davey parents both agree that on board a yacht is no place for a woman during the long ocean races.

Nor would it be any place for Tich, the cat. For Tich is a fine weather sailor. In rough weather he gets seasick!

Travelling dogs

DOGS in England are inveterate train travellers. Perhaps it is because people make a great fuss of travelling dogs; there are usually choice tit-bits from restaurant cars.

One much-travelled dog is Rover, owned by Lieut.-Commander D. Cameron, V.C., living in Havant, near Portsmouth. Every now and then Rover clandestinely joins the London train at Portsmouth Harbor station and travels alone to Waterloo, a distance of 74 miles. When he gets there he trots round until he finds a train returning to Portsmouth, and goes home again. No one knows how he can tell the right train.

Even being discovered in a carriage and removed ignominiously to the guard's van doesn't damp his ardor for more than a couple of weeks.

Bonso, a bulldog whose owner lives in Leicester, takes days off to travel round in local trains. School-children from all over the county know him well and encourage him in his practice of railway swindling.

He, too, comes to London once in a while, but is not as independent as Rover, for he usually goes to the stationmaster's office at St. Pancras, and from there is led to the guard's van of the next train for home.

IT SEEMS TO ME

by

Dorothy Drain

IN Victoria, so it's reported, there's a move to run a lottery for charity. So far Victoria, like South Australia, has always set its face against lotteries.

I'm sure I'd feel a distinct lack in a lottery-less State.

With three friends I've been taking a ticket a week for years.

The investment has been far from profitable. But what innocent pleasure there is every week in figuring how we would spend the first prize!

One of the syndicate has gone so far as to keep a list of things she intends to buy.

I understand that these kinds of daydreams, if carried too far, can lead to schizophrenia, but if kept within bounds they're as good a way of occupying the mind when washing-up as I know.

OUR Cookery Contest, which has been raging round us for several weeks, has reached its climax with the announcement of the winners.

In many ways we of this office are exposed to peculiarly conflicting influences.

It is only a few weeks since the French Fashion Parades took our minds completely off food. For food is practically incompatible with a 20-inch waistline.

Now several of our girls who have been interviewing the cookery winners have been collecting no end of hints to try out in their kitchenettes. At night they depart for home with a culinary glint in their eye.

It looks as if the waistlines will fight a losing battle.

THE title of an article in Collier's Magazine, "How To Get Whistled At," naturally drew my attention. It turned out to be an article about one of those "Charm Schools," in which the United States abound.

Most interesting thing in the article was the fact that the lady who runs this Charm School hasn't had a cold in 17 years. She puts it down to diet.

For a minute I paused at her theory that winter is the time for colds because people eat too much at Christmas and New Year. Sounds plausible except that in winter we in Australia get colds—but not Christmas.

MR. DEDMAN recently announced

that the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research had discovered the possible existence of a new type of star which emits radio waves but no light. He said also that the International Scientific Radio Union had appointed Dr. D. F. Martyn chairman of its Commission of Extra-Terrestrial Noise.

How little we knew in our childhood.

We star-gazing girls and boys, That we'd live to see a Commission For Extra-Terrestrial Noise.

In the heavens was peace and silence,

Or so we had thought—but now It appears that the stars are making

A heck of a devilish row.

Throughout my life I've avoided, As a matter of fact I've abhorred, The thought of serving on Council, Commission, Committee, or Board.

But here's a Commission to envy, And no one would have demurred At a job so romantic as this one— Seeking stars that aren't seen, but heard.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht Argos is BETTY: His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to the Hungry Isles, situated in uncharted waters. Mandrake and others set out in a small boat to make

soundings. They ask a fisherman, who says that the only danger spot is the narrows, marked by buoy lights. He tells them to head between the lights and they will be safe. As they do so small boats surround them, and ragged pirates climb aboard. They overpower the crew and begin looting and pillaging. NOW READ ON:



BETTY IS DRAGGED BEFORE THE PIRATE LEADER-- HE SURVEYS HER AND THE TRIM METAL YACHT-- "ALL MINE," HE ANNOUNCES TRIUMPHANTLY.



MANDRAKE HAS BEEN WATCHING THE SCENE, TRYING TO SPOT THE LEADER, NOW, HAVING SEEN HIM, HE APPROACHES, COOL, NON-CHALANTLY, AS IF OUT FOR A STROLL...



"NONE OF THIS IS YOURS," SAYS MANDRAKE CALMLY. "IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL SURRENDER AND THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS BEFORE YOU'RE FORCED TO." --THE LEADER AND HIS MEN ROAR WITH LAUGHTER! THIS, FROM AN UNARMED, SILK-HATTED DUDE!



"AND IF WE'RE NOT SMART, AND REFUSE TO SURRENDER, WHO'S GOING TO FORCE US?" MOCKS THE PIRATE LEADER. --"I AM," REPLIES THE MAGICIAN, BLOWING SMOKE INTO THE PIRATE'S FACE!



THE PIRATE LEADER ENRAGED, ROARS THAT HE'LL BLOW MANDRAKE'S HEAD OFF!



THE MAGICIAN SMILES AND GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY. "BE CAREFUL. IF THAT GUN WERE A LOBSTER, IT'D PINCH YOUR NOSE," BY GEORGE, IT IS A LOBSTER!



THE OTHER PIRATES ARE MYSTIFIED. THEY ARE NOT UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL. THEY SEE WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING-- MANDRAKE, HIMSELF, IS PINCHING THEIR LEADER'S NOSE!



"GOING TO STEAL OUR SHIP, ARE YOU?" DEMANDS MANDRAKE. "YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR PIRACY! YOU'LL GET YOUR NECK STRETCHED ON A GALLOWS-- LIKE THIS!"

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ ★ Open City

A REALLY first-class film production should be timeless, and receive the same appreciation that we can give to-day to literature or music which has stood the test of years.

If a time lag in the release of a film conditions our reaction, I think we are failing to appreciate the basic structure and relying on the trimmings for entertainment.

To illustrate the point I cite the fine Italian film "Open City," showing at the Variety.

It is a masterpiece of its kind. Dealing with the Italian Resistance movement during the Nazi occupation of Rome, it was released overseas about three years ago.

The real quality of the film cannot be dimmed because the nations have new problems.

We have known for so long that director Robert Rossellini made his film on the proverbial "shoe string," with few professionals and a host of amateurs--citizens of Rome--but the production is no less worthwhile for that.

The early phase of the film is by far the best. This part, which occupies about two-thirds of the running time, is dominated by the vital, earthy personality of Anna Magnani as Roman housewife Pina.

Generous with her affection, vehement in her hatred of the Germans, and utterly fatalistic in her approach to life's problems, Pina is so real that her death is more horrifying than the final scenes when a Resistance member is tortured to death and priest Don Pietro is shot.

Next to Anna Magnani comes Aldo Fabrizi as Don Pietro. Every English-speaking actor who is listed for the part of a cleric should see this film a dozen times. Even in his scene of deepest emotion and denunciation of the Nazi creed Fabrizi is always the priest and never the actor.

English sub-titles overcome the language difficulty, but the acting is self-explanatory on most occasions.

★ Tap Roots

TOSSEING together in technicolor the ingredients of a drama about the American Civil War era is one of Hollywood's pet jobs, but there is still only one "Gone With the Wind."

Producer Walter Wanger attempts in "Tap Roots" to give us a banquet by using this period material, but it turns out to be mostly expensive decoration with little real flavor.

Even the sexy scenes introduced to give some spice are unconvincing.

The toughness of the adaptation of James Streets' novel is largely responsible. All the same, stars Susan Hayward and Van Heflin will please their admirers.

Action covers failure of a plan by a stubborn descendant of a Mississippi pioneer family to establish a separate State of his own.

He disapproves of Mississippi joining the South in the Civil War, but brings only tragedy to his little community.

I would rather see Boris Karloff as Frankenstein's monster than thus misbeast as a faithful Indian friend of the Dabney family.

The Universal International release is at the State.

RENGER'S ADDRESS

The address of Renger-Gentleman Pty. Ltd., is 66-72 Reservoir Street, Sydney, N.S.W., and NOT 120 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W., as shown in Renger's advertisement in our issue of October 20.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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The Australian Women's Weekly -- November 13, 1948

The cream of the world's detective fiction. ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE. 1/- a month.

JUDGES FIND AUSTRALIAN WOMEN SUPERB HOUSEWIVES

Entries show how they combine thrift with imagination

Entries in our Cookery Contest proved that Australian women have an amazing general knowledge of food values, oven management, and the use of leftovers.

Housewives have had to cope with food and fuel shortages in the war and post-war period. In submitting half a million recipes, they showed that the intense study of practical home economics has not been confined to a small section of the community but has been nation-wide.

ENTRIES in our £1000 Budget Section were a revelation in housekeeping skill. Their special interest lay in the fact that they showed they were part and parcel of the way their originators live and not something created for the occasion.

The Contest throughout proved that to Australian women the great interest of their lives is the running of their homes, and that with the materials and money available they give their families the most interesting meals possible.

The response to our competition was almost overwhelming.

As soon as it was announced, recipes began to pour in and, within a few days, special staff had to be appointed for the opening and sorting of the mail.

Immediately 14 domestic science experts, in collaboration with our own food and cookery experts, began their prodigious task of analysing and testing entries in both the Food Budget and Recipe Sections.

Their work included the selection of the progress prizes, six of which have appeared each week since our issue of July 24. There have been 201 progress prizes of £5 each awarded. The final batch appeared in last week's issue.

Each of the progress prizes was eligible for the finals and had to be tested in our kitchens.

All duplicated recipes were automatically cancelled.

The judges were:

- Mrs. Eve Gye, Editor of our Home-maker Section.
- Miss Charmian Maynard, our chief food and cookery expert, who holds her Diploma of Home Economics from the Sydney Technical College and taught home economics with the New South Wales Education Department for 14 years.
- Mrs. Jean Bowring, home service supervisor of the Australian Gas Light Company, who holds her Diploma of Domestic Science from the Sydney Technical College, and also taught for several years with the Education Department.



DECIDED WINNERS. Judges in our £2000 Cookery Contest were Mrs. Jean Bowring (left), Miss Charmian Maynard (second from right), Mrs. Eve Gye (right). Second from left is Miss Elaine Miat, B.Sc., dietitian, who was called in as an expert consultant in the judging of the Budget entries.

• Mrs. Gye commented: "I have learned much from them and have not ceased to marvel at the detailed knowledge shown right through the entries."

"In the Food Budget, the greater majority of entrants showed they are accustomed to food budgeting. "Some who showed great imagination in the recipes fell down on the food values, as these did not work out to a perfect diet from the scientific point of view."

"The prizewinning recipes all have individual touches showing imagination, and indicate a rising standard in our cooking. This applies particularly to the use of vegetables, herbs, spices and lentils in the economy meat dishes."

"The winning recipes are all simple—everybody can make them. "They are of a wide variety and contain ingredients available anywhere. Whenever butter is an ingredient a substitute can be used."

"In the recipe section 40 per cent. of the entries were for cakes, 40 per cent. for pastries and desserts, 10 per cent. for economy meat dishes, and the remaining 10 per cent. fairly evenly divided between the varying classes."

• Miss Maynard commented: "Great majority of the recipes were well presented and showed the average housewife is adept at expressing herself, knows how to manage her stove, and how to weigh and measure accurately, whether she owns a set of scales or not."

"Cold desserts covered all types, including those which could be made in an ice-chest or refrigerator."

"In the cake section, winners were chosen not only because their proportions and method were correct in every detail, but also because they were neatly and distinctly explained. In winning fruit cakes the method of preparation gained extra points. "The Various Class presented new and interesting ways of dealing with basic sponge mixtures. Introducing new and delicious flavors."

"I was interested to note the number of recipes using wholemeal flour in loaves and rolls, especially as they were for use in lunch-boxes, making it obvious the average housewife is conscious of the value of wholemeal grain cereal."

"All winning recipes are within the reach of the average income. The more ambitious recipes are things for special occasions."

"I consider the competition has stimulated interest in food and recipes, and in the prizewinning recipes the housewife will find sufficient material to make each day's meals an adventure for her and a delight for her family."

• Mrs. Bowring commented: "Entries showed housewives have made the best use of materials available and have become more food-conscious through the difficulties of the war years."

"But, on the whole, the recipes used in the Food Budget Section showed a lack of imagination, which

suggests that Australian women are not venturesome in cookery."

"They view new dishes with suspicion, preferring to stick to the plain foods they know their families like."

"The majority of Budgets included such old favorites as roast meat and apple pie or sausages and stewed fruits."

"There was not enough variety in the soups. They were mostly pea or tomato, and consommés were not mentioned."

"But the Budgets were a very creditable performance and showed that the Australian housewife is definitely interested in the well-being of her family."

"Yet I can't help wondering if mother would go to the trouble of cooking the meals for herself sug-

gested in some of the Budgets."

"Generally speaking, the children are well catered for. Milk and first-class proteins were always adequate."

"Recipes showed that Australian women recognise the appetite value of color in food."

"Scones were colored with green peas, papaw, tomato, carrot, or ham."

"The most difficult class to judge was the economy meat dishes, as the ingredients were so restricted."

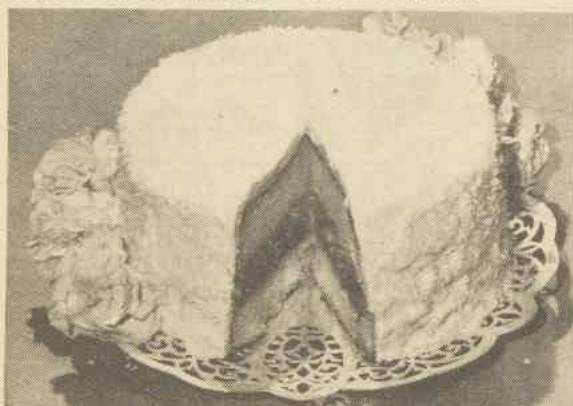
"Minced steak and mutton flaps were about the only meats cooks could use, and they made the best of them with flavorings."

"Use of fresh fruit for flavoring was good, and one of the winners glazed baked corned beef with orange juice, marmalade, and sliced, unpeeled apples."

MRS. C. MILLAR, 8 Stacey St., Cronulla, N.S.W.



CHAMPION CAKE PRIZE WINNER. Miss D. Bower, Singleton, N.S.W., and the champion cake.



£50 CHAMPION CAKE Snowflake Cake with Egg-nog Filling

Cake.—One cup margarine or butter, 2 cups castor sugar, 1½ teaspoons vanilla, 3 cups flour (measured after sifting), 1½ teaspoon salt, 3½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, 6 egg-whites.

Egg-nog Filling.—Two egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. margarine or butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon finely chopped citron peel, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Frosting.—Two teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 egg-white, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, coarse coconut.

Cake.—Cream margarine or butter and vanilla until very soft. Add sugar a little at a time, beating until mixture is soft, white, and fluffy. Sift flour once before measuring, then sift 2 or 3 times with salt and baking powder. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk, folding in with a down-up-and-over movement. Lastly add stiffly beaten egg-whites, folding in as before until thoroughly blended. Turn into two greased, paper-lined tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to stand in tins a few minutes before turning on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, join with egg-nog filling, completely cover cake with frosting.

Egg-nog filling.—Beat egg-yolks until light and lemon colored. Add sugar and flour and lemon rind, blend smoothly. Fold in melted margarine or butter. Place in top of double boiler, cook over simmering (not boiling) water until thick, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat, beat until cool. Add fruit, nuts, peel, and brandy.

N.B.—Filling will not be sufficiently thick unless cooked very slowly for a long time—1 to 1½ hours.

Frosting.—Dissolve gelatine in hot water, allow to become quite cold but not set. Add gradually to stiffly beaten egg-white, whip 2 or 3 minutes. Gradually add sifted icing sugar and lemon rind. Whip until frosting is firm enough to stand in peaks. Apply a thin layer all over cake, spreading with broad-bladed knife or spatula. Coat with coconut.

PRIZEWINNERS IN RECIPE

Class 1-Cakes

Champion cake

First prize, £50—MISS D. BOWER, Goorangoola, via Singleton, N.S.W., Snowflake Cake with Egg-nog Filling.

Fruit cake

First prize, £25—MRS. E. CALLANAN, 17 Wheatleigh St., Naremburn, N.S.W., Rich Christmas Cake. Second prize, £5—MISS A. FISHER, 5 Princess Ave., East Malvern, SE5, Vic., Brandy Syrup Fruit Cake.

Sponge cake

First prize, £25—MISS J. LOCKHART, 12th Avenue, Home Hill, Nth. Qld., Honey Sponge. Second prize, £5—MRS. V. G. HOFFMAN, 52 Wanganella St., Balgowlah, N.S.W., Frosted Walnut Sponge.

Novelty cake

First prize, £25—MRS. H. COPPOCK, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, S.W., Qld., Humpty Dumpty Cake. Second prize, £5—MRS. L. WILSON, 75 Eddy Rd., Chatswood, N.S.W., Spring Chapeau Cake.

Butter (or substitute) cake

First prize, £25—MRS. E. M. SCRIVENER, 98 Edward St.,

Norwood, S.A., Frosted Pine-apple Cake. Second prize, £5—MRS. K. L. LIPSETT, 25 Rose St., Armadale, Vic., Almond Chocolate Cake.

Small cakes and cookies

First prize, £25—MRS. E. INDER-SMITH, Carradine Rd., Armadale, W.A., Chocmallows. Second prize, £5—MRS. A. M. BOYLE, 578 Nepean Highway, Brighton, S6, Vic., Rum Royal Cookies.

Class 2-Meats

Best economy meat dish

First prize, £25—MRS. C. K. MILLAR, 8 Stacey St., Cronulla, N.S.W., The Housewife's Companion (shin of beef three ways, curry, potted meat, vegetable beef broth). Second prize, £5—MRS. A. McLEOD, 54 Ryot St., Warrnambool, Vic., Glazed Baked Cornbeef.

Class 3-Desserts

Hot dessert (not pastry)

First prize, £25—MRS. E. C. SMART, 14 Robinson Rd., Surrey Hills, E10, Vic., Spiced Pear Royal. Second prize, £5—MRS. E. A. REINKE, 186 Constance St., Valley, Brisbane, Butterscotch Coconut Apples.

HOUSEKEEPERS



MRS. C. K. MILLAR, Cronulla, N.S.W., whose loaf of beef cooked in three ways won her first prize for the economical meat dish.



MRS. E. BELLINGHAM, Qld.



MRS. CECIL VOWLES, Vic.



MRS. E. INDER-SMITH, W.A.



MRS. E. CALLANAN, N.S.W.

Winning cooks discuss their prize recipes

Prize-winners in the recipe section of our Cookery Contest were delighted when they heard the news that their entries had been successful. Here are some details about these imaginative and practical cooks.

"HOW beautiful!" exclaimed Miss D. Bower, of "Goorangoola," Singleton, N.S.W., when she heard that her snowflake cake with egg-nog filling had won the £50 Champion Cake prize.

Miss Bower is used to prize-winning, for she has been a successful exhibitor in the cooking section at the Northern Agricultural Show, at Singleton, for a number of years.

She won 40 prizes at the show held recently, in which she had 101 exhibits, including sewing, fancywork, horticulture, and cooking.

"No one taught me specially, but everyone was helpful. Of course, I picked up a lot from mother, and friends gave me lots of hints," said Miss Bower.

Miss Bower is a busy woman and had to do the work on her entries in our competition at night after her day's work was over.

She has the entire management of the homestead on the grazing property where she lives with her parents and brother.

At week-ends three other brothers who live nearby come home and go away laden with the good things she cooks.

She does all the cooking for the extra hands at shearing time.

Last year she made 250 pots of jam from fruit grown in the orchard at Goorangoola, and she takes special pride in her home-cured hams.

"I just work out recipes as I go along," Miss Bower told us. "Often they evolve from some other recipe I like to experiment with the ingredients."

"The recipe for the snowflake cake is one I worked out some years ago and it won a prize once at our local show," she said.

THE Christmas cake which won the Fruit Cake class will appear once again on the table of the Callanan family, at Naremburn, N.S.W., on Christmas Day.

The winner, Mrs. E. Callanan, who has four sons and a daughter, has been making the cake regularly since the war years, and it has been enjoyed by friends in England, members of the Services, and guests at family weddings.

"Our family likes very rich, dark fruit cakes, and I've been building up the recipe over the years," Mrs. Callanan said. "It has one fairly unusual feature—the spirits are poured over it after it's cooked and not mixed with the ingredients."

"I've never had any worry over the Christmas cake," she says. "Some women feel you should keep your eye on it the whole time it's cooking, but I put this cake in the oven and just forget about it."

"It takes about seven hours to bake, and I usually go to bed and set the alarm for the time it'll be ready."

"ALTHOUGH I knew my Honey Sponge Cake recipe was good, I'm overjoyed and surprised to think I've won a prize," said twenty-year-old Jean Lockhart, of Home Hill, Qld.

Jean is an assistant in a printing office and stationery shop and can cook only at the week-end.

She owes her success at cooking to her mother, Mrs. J. Lockhart, who has taught her. Mrs. Lockhart has often won prizes for cooking in the local show. "It's my ambition to be as good a cook as mother," said Jean, who studied Domestic Science at the Home Hill Rural School.

ALTHOUGH she has been working out recipes for years and many of them have brought prizes to friends, this is the first time Mrs. E. M. Scrivener, 98 Edward St., Norwood, S.A., has netted one for herself.

The recipe of her prizewinning butter cake was originally an American one, but through the years Mrs. Scrivener has improved on it.

"I do that a lot," she says. "I get a good basic recipe and work out others from it."

"I use margarine and dripping as shortening, but more dripping than margarine, and always flavor it with lemon juice. I use a lot of lemon juice in my cooking."

"As a child I used to stand around while mother cooked and help her in little ways. I got a good idea of cooking then," she said.

Asked what she would do with the prize-money, "Share it," she said. "We share everything in our family."

NEWS of her win for her shin of beef recipe was given to Mrs. C. K. Millar less than two weeks after the family had moved into their own home at Cronulla, which they have been waiting five and a half years to build.

"It's just one pleasant surprise after another," she said. Mr. Millar is an accountant, and they have two grown-up sons and a schoolgirl daughter.

"I first started experimenting with shin of beef when we lived in the country at Bourke, N.S.W.," Mrs. Millar said. "I knew it was very good for soup, then I worked out the other two recipes for curry and potted meat."

MRS. E. C. SMART, of Surrey Hills, Vic., selected her Spiced Pear Royal dessert from recipes she has collected over the past 30 years. Spiced Pear Royal is a great

favorite with her husband and two sons, Godfrey and Bill.

"I serve it hot in the winter and iced in the summer," she said.

Although Mrs. Smart is very fond of cooking, our contest was her first competitive effort since she carried off cake-making prizes at church bazaars in the early days of her marriage.

WINNER of cold dessert, Mrs. Jean Dernier, of Wickham, Newcastle, gives much of the credit to her husband for her entry, Montreux Creme-de-Luxe.

"My husband used to be a seaman before the war," she said. "He was interested in cooking, and used to talk about it to the cook, who was interested in recipes of dishes beyond the scope of the galley food."

"My husband told me about one of the special recipes which he said was a wonderful dessert. I experimented from my husband's rather sketchy description, and at last, got it down to this, which I called Montreux Creme-de-Luxe, because I thought this rather exotic name suited it."

The Derniers live near the wharves at Newcastle, where Mr. Dernier is a cleaner at the Co-operative Store. They have one daughter, Yvonne, 10.

Mrs. Dernier says she inherits cooking ability from her mother, who was "a good Scotch cook," specialising in pancakes, devilled scones, and other traditional dishes.

MRS. W. DOWL, of Middleton South, Tasmania, devised her own recipe for Creamed Scallop Pie.

It is a great favorite with her husband and family. Wife of an employee of the Public Works Department and mother of three boys, Lindsay (13), Gordon (8), and David (14 months), she lives in a rented cottage in an orchard area, where she has lived all her life. She does all her own cooking, although she's never had any lessons and doesn't "go in for fancy things much."

When she reads a recipe which interests her, she often alters it slightly to her family's tastes.

ONLY once before has Mrs. E. Bellingham, of Ingham, Qld., winner of the sweet pastry class, won a cookery prize.

The date and ginger cream pie which won in our contest is her own recipe and a great favorite.

For the past two years Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham and their seven-year-old son Alan have lived in Ingham, where Mr. Bellingham is a member of the staff of the Commercial Bank of Australia. Before that they lived in Prosperine. In those days Mrs. Bellingham used to cook with a fuel stove. She now has an electric stove and likes it.

Short-story writing is one of her main hobbies.

YOUTHFUL wife of a farmer at Terip Terip, Vic., Mrs. Cecil Vowles won with an original recipe for Turkish Tea Cake.

Our contest is the first cookery



MRS. J. DERNIER, N.S.W.

competition Mrs. Vowles has ever entered.

She taught herself cookery when she was 14 years old, and now tries out all her recipes on her husband.

MRS. E. INDER-SMITH'S success in the small cakes and cookies section was built on a near failure.

She made some gem cakes but they did not rise, and turned out like half an egg.

Mrs. Inder-Smith remembered that when she was small girl she had seen her mother making fancy biscuits with a biscuit mixture and marshmallow on top.

So she made marshmallow to the same shape as the spilt cakes, joined them together with jam, covered them with chocolate icing, and called the chocomallows.

Since then these cakes have always appeared on the table for festive occasions, such as the birthdays of her five children.

Mrs. Smith was a farmer's wife before a series of bad seasons forced her husband to walk off their wheat farm at Maya, W.A.

The Smiths bought a tearoom at Armadale, W.A., and Mrs. Smith was able to indulge in her flair for "fancy cooking."

"Cooking has never been any trouble to me," she said. "I have never minded how much extra effort was needed for success. I do not follow the cookery books exactly but improvise for myself."

"I can't pretend the money won't be useful," Mrs. Smith said when she learned about her prize.

"My husband and I have just bought a property at Armadale."

"It's a bit hard at our age to have to start all over again" (their eldest boy is 29, and married), "but we are both in wonderfully good health. At the moment I am doing a bit of dressmaking to help out."

A COURSE in cake decorating is being taken at the Polytechnic College by Mrs. H. Coppock, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, Qld., who won the Novelty Cake class.

Her winning entry was a Humpty Dumpty Cake. Another favorite cake with her husband and four children is an iced birthday fruit cake cut to the shape of a truck and mounted with marzipan fruits.

Mrs. Coppock believes in the most exact measurements of all ingredients in her cooking.

PIE SECTION

Cold dessert (not pastry)

First prize, £25—MRS. J. DERNIER, 44 Annie St., Wickham, N.S.W., Montreux Creme-de-Luxe. Second prize, £5—MISS M. GRANT COOPER, 29 Ben Boyd Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W., Chocolate Peppermint Mousse.

Class 4—Pastry Savory pie or tart

First prize, £25—MRS. W. DOWL, Middleton Sth., Tas., Creamed Scallop Pie. Second prize, £5—BERNICE CHAMBERS, 60 King St., Essendon, Vic., Lamb and Parsley Pie.

Sweet pie or tart

First prize, £25—MRS. E. BELLINGHAM, Lannercost St., Ingham, Qld., Date and Ginger Cream Pie. Second prize, £5—MRS. K. C. DAVIS, C/o Newhaven Park, Boorowa, N.S.W., Orange Foam Pie.

Class 5—Various Scones, tea-cakes, rolls

First prize, £25—MRS. C. V. VOWLES, "Aloomba," Terip Terip, Vic., Turkish Tea Cake. Second prize, £5—MRS. A. GRAHAM Connah St., Ekibin Sth., Brisbane, Savory Green Pea Scones.

● Consolation Prizes—see page 34

DURING the train journey Kath and Geoff made desperate and completely unrewarding efforts to improve their appearances — unrewarding because it is forever impossible to make rumpled clothes look like fresh ones.

The result was that when they stepped off the train they resembled not so much two people who had just undergone the exigencies of a long trip and lost their luggage as they did two people of drastically limited means who were making the best of what little they had.

George was on the platform, and when he saw Geoff he shouted wildly in a language that sounded to Kath a little like Chinese, and ran up the platform to meet them.

George was shorter than Geoff, and stockily built with a pleasant, plain face and ready smile. When greetings and introductions were over, he looked around the station platform and said, "Let me carry your bags over to the car. We might as well start."

Geoff laughed. "Well, that's a funny thing, George," he said. "We

haven't any bags." He went on to explain, adding, "I sent a wire about them, but I don't know whether we can get them in time for the wedding, George. By the way, I'm afraid your wedding present was in one of the bags."

"We're so sorry," Kath put in.

Then it seemed that George really looked at his two guests for the first time. And as he quickly surveyed the neat shabbiness, their general air of destitution, his brows drew together in an expression of acute sympathetic concern.

"That's a shame about your bags," he said. Then suddenly he looked at them with great earnestness, and added, "But you look quite all right. You couldn't look better." He picked up Geoff's little squashed bag and hurriedly led them to his old car.

They set off across bleak country in the twilight, bounding crazily on the unpaved road. They talked and laughed as they had at their meeting, but there was a new note in George's

Be Fair to the Bride

Continued from page 9

laughter, as though he were forcing himself to seem lighthearted.

Presently they drove into Broken Tree's main street, passed the cross-roads, and a few hundred yards farther along stopped in front of a small, neat house, where George's mother, a kindly, smiling woman, welcomed them warmly.

"It was awfully nice of you to come such a long way," she said.

Kath and Geoff explained again all about their lost bags. Mrs. Squireston was at first properly sympathetic. But after Kath and Geoff had spent a few minutes in their room, leaving Mrs. Squireston alone with her son, they were aware, on their return, of a subtle difference in her sympathy about losing their luggage. She kept mentioning it, murmuring little kindnesses.

It seemed to do no good for Kath and Geoff to protest that they didn't always look like this. The more

they did so, the more Mrs. Squireston and George vehemently repeated that their guests looked splendid.

In a sort of bewildered deadlock they went in to dinner, in the course of which both Geoff and Kath suffered intensely through Mrs. Squireston's efforts to make them eat far more than they wanted.

After dinner, while Kath helped Mrs. Squireston with the dishes, Geoff lit a cigarette and smiled across at George. "Scared?" he said. George nodded. "In a good sort of way though. Weren't you scared?"

"Scared stiff!"

The two men were silent for a time, easily silent, smoking. Then George said quietly, "How are things going for you, Geoff? Work, I mean, and—everything?"

"Couldn't be better. What about you, George? What about the University job you used to talk to me about half the night? You haven't given that up, have you? You know, you're a bright chap, George. You can't spend the rest of your life teaching in Broken Branch."

"Tree. No, I haven't given it up, but I'll have to take another degree. I may have to do post-graduate work. It'll take time—two years."

"It'll take money, too, won't it, George?" Geoff asked quietly.

"What doesn't?" George said.

Again there was silence for a while, but this silence was not easy as the other had been, for during it George seemed to grow increasingly ill at ease.

"Listen, Geoff," he said presently. "We're good friends, aren't we? There's no need for any kidding between us. Well, look—a little while ago, when we were talking about my doing post-graduate work, you said something about money. I—I want to ask you something about that. In a way, about that."

The kitchen door swung open, and Kath and Mrs. Squireston came in. George stopped speaking abruptly, looking worried. Geoff rose at once and crossed quickly to George.

"I think I know what you were going to say, George," he whispered hurriedly, "and you're right. There's no need for you and me to kid about money or anything else. We'll talk about it later."

George nodded gratefully. "Geoff," said Kath, "if you'll take off your trousers—"

"I beg your pardon."

"—I'll press them for you," Kath held out an electric iron.

GEOFF put on an old dressing-gown of George's and the four spent the next two hours in the kitchen pressing suits and listening to George and Geoff's reminiscences. Everyone went to bed at once.

In their room Geoff took off, with a sigh of relief, his battered shirt, and said, "Well, how do you like them?"

Kath smiled. "I do," she said. "They couldn't be nicer."

"You know," Geoff said, "I wish George weren't getting married—just now, anyway."

"Why in the world should you wish that?" Kath asked. "George is terribly in love with the girl."

"Oh, I know that, but I didn't mean the girl. It's this, Kath: George is really very brilliant—too brilliant for just a little country school-teaching job. What he wants is to take another degree to get a good University job. But you can see that they're far from rich, and I'm afraid that if he gets married he'll be stuck in this little town for the rest of his life."

Kath frowned. "That would be wrong," she said.

"What I'm getting round to, Kath," Geoff went on, "is that I want to lend George some money—a lot of money—enough to live on for two years with a wife. He needs it badly—so badly that he practically told me so just now. What do you think?"

"I think it's a wonderful idea," Kath said, "only I'd like to lend it to him."

"Why, Kath, you hardly know him, for heaven's sake."

"You know him," Kath said.

He smiled at her, then put his arm round her and kissed her. "Thanks, Kath," he said. "That was sweet of you. But this is something between George and me."

It was arranged on the following day that they were all to drive out to what was referred to as "the country" to meet George's bride-to-be over luncheon. Kath got up early and went into the township and bought a dress for the occasion.

This garment was not an unqualified success, for while it possessed the virtues of newness, neatness, and cheapness, it fell considerably short in smartness. Back in the bedroom, Kath put it on and stared at herself dolefully in the mirror.

"I look," she said thoughtfully, "like a displaced person."

Please turn to page 28

The Cliffside Case

Continued from page 7

Medley to put up a signal for me if there should be any change in the patient's condition."

"What sort of a signal?"

"A lantern. Before I left here I hung it up myself on a nail, for'ard. I looked to see if there was candle in it. There was, about three inches. I told him to light it if necessary, and that I'd have a look out at eleven-thirty."

Medley said: "I lit the thing, too, in plenty of time, but apparently you didn't take any notice of it."

Edgar swung round and stared at him. "What?"

Johnny said in his nastiest tone: "Oh, excuse me, Medley. I really must protest. I walked along the hill to the point at twenty to twelve, giving you ten minutes' grace in case you were a bit late."

"I wasn't late."

"Well, there was no sign of a light hanging for'ard. Or anywhere, for that matter."

Medley smiled. "Sorry, Barlow, but I lit it."

Grogan asked: "Why did you light it? Was he worse?"

"No. Better, I'd have said. But before turning into my own hammock for the night I came down to have a look at him and he said he'd

like a whisky. Said he'd give a lot for a drink. Quite cheered me up. However, Barlow had said specifically, no alcohol, so I was doubtful about giving it to him."

"So I told poor old 'Smith' I'd get the doctor over and he could ask him. I went up, lit the lantern, had a last nightcap myself, and must have fallen asleep."

Johnny said: "I suggest you had a couple of nightcaps and thought you'd lighted the lantern."

"Barlow, I take grave exception to your insinuations," Medley said pleasantly. "But it's my own fault. I should never have meddled in this affair at all."

The arrival of the police doctor broke up the party just then, and not long after the police launch came alongside and "Smith" went journeying away for the last time over the water.

Some hours later Inspector Grogan received the report—rather a surprising report, revealing that "Smith's" death was not due to natural causes.

To be continued

Reflections of a lovely mother...

BABY'S first little smile... the day she said "Ma-ma"... that exciting moment of standing alone. Carol needs no diary to record such precious moments—they are engraved upon her memory for all time. The wonder of this little girl—hers to cherish and bring to gentle womanhood! Already she is taking the most important step to beauty by entrusting that delicate skin to Pears, so pure and mild.



CAROL LEARNED from her own mother that a lovely complexion can be a woman's chief pride, if the soft, tender skin of childhood is safeguarded with Pears. If you want a fresher, younger-looking skin, give it regular care with Pears.



Pears

So pure
you can look right into
the heart of each tablet.



EVEN IN HER SCHOOL DAYS Carol's petal-pink complexion made her different... as Bob would shyly tell her on the way home—and she thanked Pears for all it had given her in loveliness.



WHEN CAROL AND BOB WERE MARRIED, Pears naturally took its place in their home. And now, what better beauty secret could she pass on to their own little daughter than the purity and gentleness of Pears! There is no soap milder than Pears to guard the flower-like smoothness of your baby's skin.

"A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.
She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain. . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them. . . ."—Mrs. L.

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Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.



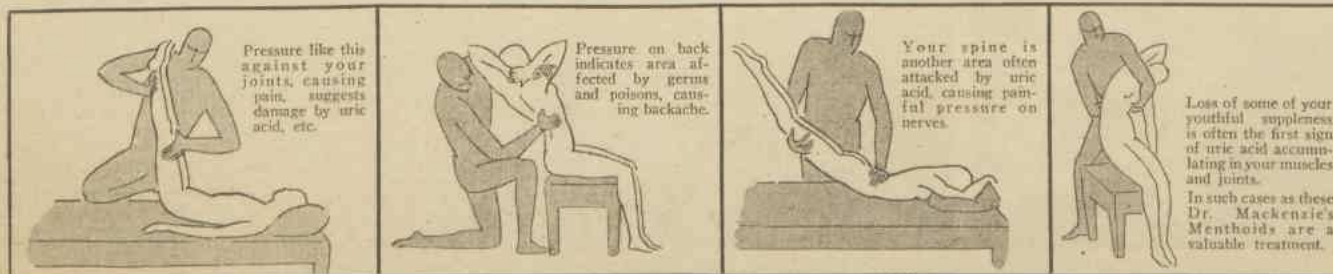
Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney
and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.





ON CUP DAY. Sir Clive Baillieu, who recently returned from England, chats with Mrs. Ken Myer at Flemington on Cup Day. Mrs. Myer looked decorative in pale blue waist-tailored suit.



TOPPERS WERE WORN by many racegoers on Cup Day. Mr. Sam Hordern and Mr. D. McCall-McCowan, formerly of Melbourne, both wear them. They are with Mrs. M. L. Baillieu, who was one of the smartest women on the course. She wore pale grey tailored suit with four-slit buttoned skirt.



SYDNEYSIDER Mrs. Phil Yates (left) with her Cup Carnival hostess in Melbourne, Mrs. John Condon. Mrs. Yates wears lovely swing-back coat of greige gabardine with feather-duster-trimmed summer-weight felt hat.



DERBY DAY LUNCHEON PARTY HOSTESS Mrs. T. C. Manifold snapped with husband (left), who is vice-chairman of the Y.R.C., and Mr. Brian Crowley, of Orel, Merrywinebone, N.S.W. Mrs. Manifold wears black tulle froon-hat with tailored suit.

Melbourne Cup Carnival

TERRIFIC round of hospitality for Sydney visitors at Melbourne Cup Carnival. Marathon begins with dinner and cocktail parties before Derby Eve Ball.

Gala Ball provides appropriately gay finish to Cup Day at Greenknowe, the magnificent old home of Sir Robert and Lady Knox in Toorak. It's a superb setting for a party. Drinks are served on terrace off panelled ballroom overlooking glorious garden, where glowing brylons are arranged under trees to offset chilliness of night.

"CHIEF" culprits for lots of gaiety that goes on are genial host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken. Besides giving three Race Week dinner parties, there's their traditional Cup Eve cocktail party at "Cloyne."

It begins later than usual to enable them and host of their guests to call at Government House en route to accept Governor and Lady Dugan's invitation to Cup Eve "At Home." Eventually everyone meets at "Cloyne," including U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Myron Cowen, and his decorative wife. Also Consul for Colombia, Senor Molano, A.J.C. secretary and Mrs. Parry-Okeden, the Pat Osbornes, Col. and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, and Mr. and Mrs. Denis Allen.



PRESIDENT OF COMMITTEE for brilliant Derby Eve Ball at Earls Court, Mrs. Chester Guest (right), who wears beaded molasses-brown lace gown, chats with General Clive Steele and Mrs. Tom Rutledge, of Gidleigh, Bungendore, N.S.W., at ball.

HUGE contingent of New South Wales country visitors at cocktail party given by attractive trio, Mrs. Dale Crooke, Mrs. Noel Calvert, and April Ludowick, at latter's home in Punt Rd., South Yarra.

Mrs. Hugh Bullivant, of Wagga, enjoys party with daughter Prue, and also see charming sisters, Mrs. Gavin Finlay, of Thungoon Park, Albury, and Mrs. Fred Griffiths, of Toonlocock, and the David Fairbairns, from Holbrook, in huge crowd.



SIR LESLIE AND LADY MORSHEAD bid farewell to their hostess, Mrs. Fred Dennett (left), after attending buffet dinner at Menzies given by Mr. and Mrs. Dennett, who have just returned from England. Sir Leslie and his wife stay with Lady Morshead's mother, Mrs. W. Woodside, during Cup Carnival.

WEATHER makes choosing Cup Day wardrobe harder than finding winner. Mrs. Everard Baillieu picks dress for the day. It's a hippy wasp-waisted seagull-grey white-spotted silk frock with wide black patent leather belt and black straw shovel hat.

Mrs. Tom Rutledge, who returns home to "Gidleigh," Bungendore, with husband on Thursday after the Cup, wears lightweight wool sage-green dressmaker frock coat. On Sunday Colonel and Mrs. Rutledge lunched with the Honorable and Mrs. Lewis Clifford at the Clifford's lovely property, Wonga Park.

Dinah Meeks, who has been at Alexandra Club, carries white bag with her tobacco princess coat.

AT Cup interested to meet Lady Hay, wife of Australia's newest baronet, Sir Frederick Hay, Melbourne suburban grocer who recently succeeded to old title. She is smart in black suit. Tells me Carbon Copy is her Cup bet.

UNIFORM cocktail party wear in Melbourne is long, wide-skirted black frocks setting off flower-loaded, uneven-brimmed hats and bonnets. Mrs. Edric Henry, just back from Sydney holiday, captives old world period perfectly with frilly white petticoat under her black, ankle-length frock and engaging fine net, wrist-trilled mittens.

EVEN after Cup there's no let-up. Wednesday chosen by Sue Odell for marriage to oil company Englishman, Paul Hackforth Jones. Sue's mother, Lady Gullett, gives superb party after wedding.

INTRIGUED when I snatch word with busiest man in Melbourne, V.R.C. secretary Keith Morrison, and discover rental paid by V.R.C. for Flemington to honor old agreement. He tells me, with grin, it's two peppercorns a year paid on demand.

THURSDAY Brigadier and Mrs. H. R. Bundock, who made their home up here in Sydney for some time, have drinks and delectable savories awaiting Oaks Day racegoers bidden to 203 Domain Rd. Sydney friends include Mrs. E. J. Watt and Mrs. Nigel Smith, who have been staying at the Windsor.

IT'S a hectic time for Mrs. Eric Abrahams, staying with her mother, Mrs. Morris Sallmann. Besides carrying off Race Carnival sartorial honors, particularly on Derby Day in lilac jasmine and violet-trimmed hat to match, pussy-cat bow setting off navy suit. Lots is in midst of wedding whirl.

Her brother, R.A.N. Lieutenant Tony Sallmann, wed's pretty Ann Foley on Oaks Day.

DUE in Sydney this week is managing-director of big English cotton firm, Mr. F. L. Hornabrook. It's his twenty-third visit to Australia, and he has lots of friends to see here after breaking journey in Melbourne for fortnight.

He captured eye of Race Carnival visitors with Royal tour tie. It's designed with coats of arms of various Australian States and finished with small crown which from a distance resembles pearl pin.

BRIEFLY: Mrs. Gough Whitlam, whose smart Derby Day outfit was brilliant green suit and yellow sailor hat, has been making Menzies headquarters with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Dovey. See Mrs. Herbert Field leaving Hotel Windsor for races in chic navy suit with white pique revers. Mrs. Millard Hagon revelling in Derby Day rain after motoring from Sydney with husband in heatwave. Mrs. H. B. Parncomb on ten days' visit to sister, Mrs. W. H. Cowper, at Toorak. Greets Rear-Admiral husband when he comes into port.



BLACK MOIRE GOWN banded in turquoise suits Mrs. Lionel McFadyen when she dances with her husband at brilliant Derby Eve Ball at Earls Court. Couple attend lots of parties during Cup festivities.

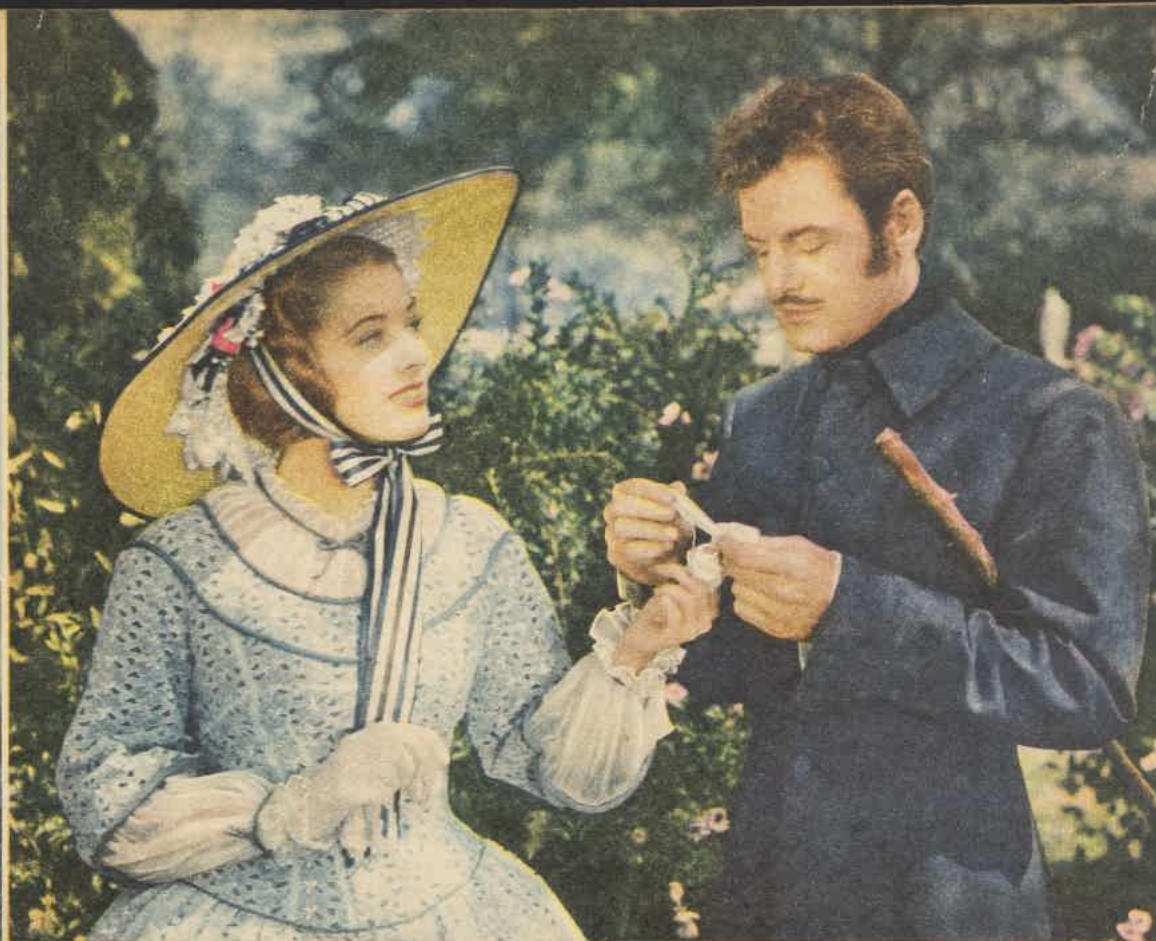


ENGLISH VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Marton, who arrive in Sydney on November 20 to stay at Australia Hotel, attend Cup when they break their journey for few weeks in Melbourne.

From new films . . .

★ Period and modern dramas and gay technicolor musicals are among the varied list of films soon to be released in Australia by Hollywood studios.

Pictures on this page are typical scenes from three of them. Included is the newest adaptation of one of England's earliest thrillers, "The Woman in White"



ELEANOR PARKER and Gig Young as they appear in Warners' mystery drama, "The Woman in White," a new film version of Wilkie Collins' famous novel, in which Eleanor plays a dual role. Other stars in the film are Alexis Smith and Sydney Greenstreet.



JANE POWELL (right) and Shirley Johns in scene from MGM's technicolor romantic comedy "Luxury Liner." Others in the cast are George Brent, Lauritz Melchior, and Marina Koshetz.

BETTE DAVIS and her newest leading man, Jim Davis, are dressed to suit the title of their Warners drama, "Winter Meeting." In real life they are no relation to each other.



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17/6/48



1 POLICE SEARCH for escaped convict Vincent Parry (Humphrey Bogart) involves Irene Jensen (Lauren Bacall), who has hidden him in her car, though they are strangers. She helps him get away.



2 PLASTIC SURGERY is undertaken by Parry, who needs disguise. Wrongfully convicted for the murder of his wife, he hopes to discover who was real criminal.

Dark Passage

MOST of the scenes for Warners' drama starring Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, were shot in San Francisco.

Lauren Bacall has a sympathetic role as a girl who helps a wrongly convicted man try to prove his innocence. Agnes Moorehead, who usually plays character roles, has her first screen appearance as a glamorous woman who is responsible for a double murder.

The story was adapted from a novel by David Goodis, and directed by Delmer Daves.



3 DISCUSSION about Parry occupies Irene and friends Bob (Bruce Bennett) and wife Madge (Agnes Moorehead).



4 MURDER of Parry's only trusted friend makes him take Irene into confidence while waiting for face to heal.



5 ACCUSATION of double murder is made by Parry when he meets Madge, who had been chief witness at his trial for murder of his wife. She confesses to both killings and then commits suicide.



6 ESCAPING from America, Parry, who knows that Madge's death ruins chance of his proving his innocence of crimes, asks Irene to meet him abroad.

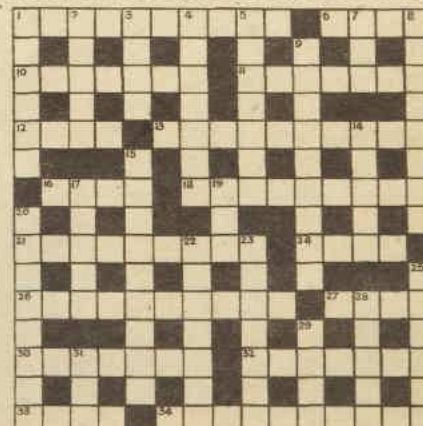
CROSSWORD CONTEST NO. 15

ACROSS

- Nonsensical remark of a customer angered when his barber observes, "It's getting thinner on top" (10).
- Headstrong in spots (4).
- Joiner from the joint when it is inside the attractive folder (7).
- Greeting that makes everyone storm lily (13, 4).
- Companion may be tame though unruly (4).
- A city of U.S.A. is upset inside the hoops for those who get a retiring allowance (not alimony!) (10).
- Steve Richards' middle name (4).
- Ocean is earth. Cotton out (3, 6).
- Quite robe (anagram) (9).
- Frank ought to shut up (4).
- Wound dressing in beautiful ship shows it's proverbial hardness (10).
- It is in this place (4).
- American worker who finds her love intricate (7).
- Years after a circle to be made into rectangles (7).
- Why move back to a system of Hindu philosophy? (4).
- New-style food allowance that we attained in 1901 (10).

DOWN

- Suitable 21 across for a fat woman with two husbands (8).
- In Meadow Street the smallest (13).
- In conclusion, one is making a girl (4).
- The painted state of a waterless headland (7).
- West Australian bird goes over the ocean and may be found in Tasmania or Wales (7).
- Turkish commander (3).
- A slope that makes misfortunes in the skin (6).
- Red photograph of gore (9).
- Escape from Dad's Aussie son who returns to the East (13).
- Ripe crust (anagram) (8).
- Arab bishop constrained a Jewish dignity (5).
- Look at Pop's follower (3).
- Employ completely and advantageously (6).
- Make agitated nun veer to weaken (7).
- Tussock can not put in tender for silk (7).
- A reading of 13 down that tells us to take more off (6).
- You may be confused with 9 and get a feeling of weariness from it (5).
- Lamb sets one in beer that has turned (4).
- Back (3).
- £10, £1, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 15 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 401W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close November 19, prizes and solution in issue of December 11.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 11

ACROSS: 1—No-8-in. 4—Nar-rate (run turned). 8—B/Jess. ing's. 10—Ti-dai (11, last, turned). 11—Lemon. 12—M/usi-on. 13—Lo-qua/18. 14—Prim/16-iv/s. 15—Duolet (anag.). 16—De-mur-a. 17—In-an-i-mate. 18—Loy-ally. 19—C/rie-ry (anag. rel). 20—Spir-a. 21—Lidyl (hidden). 22—Elate.

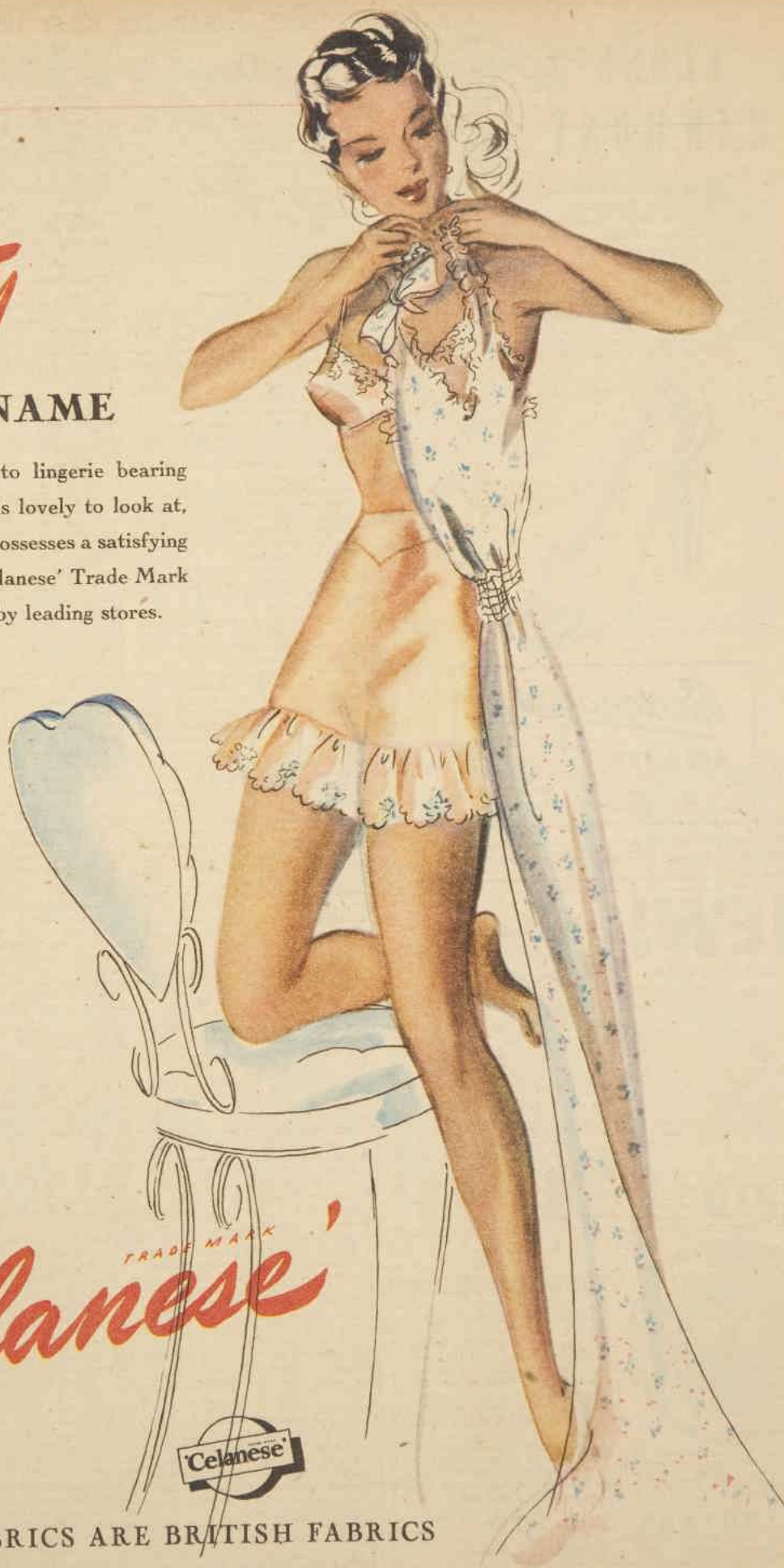
DOWN: 1—Nihilist. 2—Glean (anagram). 3—In-din-u-ais. 4—Nest-led. 5—Rites. 6—Andromeda. 7—Enlist (hidden). 8—Unwind. 9—A-pec-tual-ly (anag. epic). 10—Liquor-ice. 11—No-let/17. 12—Lice wax (vast turned). 13—G/aver-y. 14—Spir-a. 15—Lidyl (hidden). 16—Elate.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 11: £10 to Miss Joyce Langlands, 30 Shaftesbury Street, Coburg N.12, Vic.; £5 to E. C. Owen, 2 Nelson Street, Warrnambool, Vic.; £2 to Mrs. D. M. Lamond, c/o A. Lamond, Private Bag, Kyneton, N.S.W.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 13, 1948

Page 27

CLOSE HARMONY

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Be Fair to the Bride

Continued from page 22

Geoff waved his hand airily. "Don't be silly," he said. "It's what I was telling you before we left. This is just a little country town. You wouldn't want to steal Mary's show by putting on too much dog."

Kath was noncommittal. "I bought you a new shirt," she said, and handed him a package.

"Oh, thanks. I'm glad you thought of that," said Geoff, but when the package lay open on the bed he stared at its contents unhappily, and said, "Didn't they have any white ones?"

"No, that was all. But that's not bad. Just a little pattern."

"I know," he said, "but green spots on—?" When he had put the shirt on, it developed that the cuffs buttoned about midway between his wrist and elbow. He stared at them in horror. "I look," he said distastefully, "as though I had stolen my son's clothes, and my son were an underworld gangster."

George had borrowed a friend's car so that he and Geoff could make the drive alone, while Kath and Mrs. Squirens were to go on in the old car.

George mumbled a little sheepishly about the two men having a chance to talk about old times, but Geoff at once suspected a different reason, and welcomed the opportunity to be alone with George.

For the first half-mile of bleak countryside George drove at a dizzy pace, but presently he slowed down. Then, frowning at the road ahead, he cleared his throat unnecessarily and said: "You know what we were talking about last night, Geoff? Well, what about that—?"

Geoff, who had been uncomfortably racking his brains for an opening to the subject, said hurriedly, "I'm glad you brought that up again. I was just thinking about it myself, and, you know, we're being pretty silly, George. You and I don't have to talk around in circles with each other. What's the matter with our talking about money, anyway?"

George nodded his head vigorously. "You're right," he said. But after their mutual assurances that it was all right for them to talk about money, neither of them did. Each looked sheepishly out of his window, and another silent mile slipped by. Presently George made a sharp turn-off on the road, and the sudden motion seemed to jar both men into decision.

"Look, George, I—" Geoff began. "Look, Geoff," George said simultaneously, only more loudly. "I know that you didn't lose your bags."

Geoff turned and stared blankly. "You shouldn't have tried to kid an old friend like me," George hurried on. "Everybody has ups and downs. I've had plenty."

"George, wait a minute!" Geoff interrupted.

"No, you wait a minute," George said severely. "You've made up enough nonsense already. Now, don't get angry, but I want to lend you enough for you and Kath to get on your feet. The same thing could happen to me to-morrow, Geoff, and I wouldn't hesitate to ask you."

Geoff turned and looked out the window. "I'm not angry," he said. "Really, I'm not, George. I think I know about how badly you're underpaid for the first-rate work you do, and I'll never forget your offer. But you're all wrong. We did lose our bags and we did mess up our clothes trying to catch a train. I've got a good job, and Kath has so much dough she—"

"Please, Geoff," George interrupted. "Please don't make up all that rot for me. It's not fair."

"But it's not rot!" George stared at the road a little sadly and shook his head. "I understand how you feel," he said. "But maybe you'd feel a little differently if I told you that the money isn't exactly mine. It's not just my salary. You see, Mary has some money, too, and she wants to help stake me to a couple of years' work."

He cleared his throat again. "Since it's for both of us in a way, I took her up on it, and it's some of that money I want to lend you."

Mary will want you to have it, too. We can spare it all right."

Geoff couldn't answer at once. He was thinking of George and Mary saving everything they could so that George could study and get a better job, and now his friend was offering part of it to him and to Kath. It was intensely touching.

"Thanks, George," he said.

"You're all wrong, but thanks."

George straightened up in his seat. "All right for now," he said, "but I'm not through yet. Here we are."

"Where?" Geoff said vaguely.

"We've been on the property ever since that turn-off back there a few miles," said George. "The house is over the next hill."

When they reached the crest of the rise Geoff looked down on to what he thought at first must be a small town. As the car drew nearer he saw that it was in reality one enormous, rambling house surrounded by an incredible number of outbuildings.

At the foot of a terraced slope stretched what could only be a flying field.

Geoff said hoarsely: "You say this is—the place, George?"

George laughed a little in what sounded like embarrassment. "This is it," he said. "It's quite a layout, isn't it? You see," he explained, "Mary's father owns a lot of property in this State—and in some others."

Geoff began to chuckle, then to laugh. He was still laughing when they got out of the car and approached three figures standing on the lawn near the terrace. One was Mrs. Squirens, one was Kath, looking startlingly unlike herself in her Broken Tree dress, and the other was a pretty brown-haired girl—obviously Mary—wearing the most fabulous mink coat Geoff had ever seen.

It was as they were in the midst of introductions that their attention was distracted by the drone of a plane overhead. It circled the house, then swooped down on to the airfield and taxied to a stop. A lanky, red-headed man stepped out.

"I can't imagine who that is," Mary said. "I'd better go over and—"

But Kath shouted, "Why, it's Ralph. And they all followed her over to the plane. She and Ralph shook hands warmly."

"What in the world are you doing here?" she asked, and before he could answer she turned and said, "This is Ralph Cramer, Daddy's pilot."

Ralph Cramer shook hands with everyone. "Why, I'm being a delivery boy to-day, Mrs. Fletcher," he said. "I have a wedding present for Mr. and Mrs. George Squirens from your mother. She was afraid it wouldn't get here on time if she had it sent."

"Oh, good," Kath said.

"I've got something for you, too," Ralph went on. "I stopped to fuel up at a little airport some way back, and when I told them who I was and where I was going, they gave me some luggage you lost—three bags. Do you want me to take them out here?"

"Do we!" said Geoff to Ralph, whom he had never even heard of before, but who, knowing the Hurstons, he was not in the least surprised to learn existed. "Let me give you a hand."

"Why don't we have lunch first?" Mary suggested. "You'll join us, won't you, Mr. Cramer?"

"Thanks," Ralph said. "Could I clean up first?"

"Why don't you go ahead with Mr. Cramer, Mary?" said Geoff. "George and I can bring the things."

"Yes—you two go ahead," George said, and in a moment Geoff, Kath, George, and Mrs. Squirens were alone beside the plane.

For a while they said nothing. The two men took the bags out of the plane and set them on the ground. Next they wrestled out a heavy package the size of a trunk, which bore the name of a famous firm and was marked "Silver."

And then Geoff began to laugh again. He caught George's eye, and George began to laugh, too. Their laughter spread like a contagion, and presently all four of them were sitting on the bags, laughing helplessly.

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Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devitalize your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

DRESSING on a budget is a complicated problem, but, as I have told a reader in this week's batch of answers, it can be done, though if money is scarce time must be given to searching for the right clothes at the right price.

Other letters answered deal with a wedding dress for a tall, slim bride, and some questions on accessories, underwear, and beachwear.

Money and fashion

As a working girl I would like to know if the good basic black dress that can be varied with accessories has gone out of fashion. Don't you think it is very difficult for a girl with only a small amount of money to spend on clothes to be well dressed? I just don't seem to be able to manage my clothes successfully.

Basic types of clothes are always with us, but their nature changes. For the girl on a limited budget, or, for that matter, any girl, basic styles are always good fashion. Personally I prefer a light color to black for summer, perhaps grey or butterscotch, both of which are being worn this season. The answer to your second question is yes, I think it extremely difficult to be well dressed on a small budget. But I do think if you look for fashion you can find it at every price level. It is quite possible to have unlimited money and still not be well dressed. You must realise there are many things that go to make up an appearance of being well dressed. The choice of colors that are flattering, the correct line for your type, the right design for a button, the well-

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem, I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

placed pocket—for those who want to be well dressed no detail is too small to study.

An evening stole

"COULD I introduce color into an evening stole which I want to wear with a severe black satin evening dress made with an off-the-shoulder neckline that is very hard looking? Would you advise net or lace as the material?"

Either net or lace would make an attractive evening stole—it's really a matter of individual taste. If you decide on net, have it double and the stole 12 in. in width, and 8 in. from each end catch it in a drape accented with a full pink rose. If you decide on lace, make it in a shawl shape, and knot it in front over a clump of pink and yellow rosebuds.

For the tall bride

"MY wedding will take place in three months' time, and I cannot find just the right style for my wedding dress. The material is white satin, and as I am tall and slim I want to wear a draped effect. Would you please sketch a frock, veil, and headress for me?"

Illustrated on this page is a design for your satin wedding gown. The



A WHITE SATIN wedding gown, designed for a tall bride, has an unusual head-dress of camellias tied with tulle streamers.

front of the dress is slim and elegantly draped on the hips, with fullness coming from the sides. The skirt just touches the floor all round; there is no train. The bodice is deeply cut in front, comes high to the neckline at the back, and is finished with tiny, unpadded sleeves. The long tulle veil is held in place with a halo of white camellias tied under the chin with tulle streamers.

Beach wrap

"I AM spending my Christmas holidays at a guest-house near a beach, and I can't decide what to wear going to and from the water. Most beach coats look dowdy, and I feel there must be some other type of garment I could choose."

You could wear a tie-on or wrap-around skirt, a new fashion seen in both ankle and below-calf length. If you feel a skirt is not sufficient "cover-up," add a matching triangle and wear it knotted carelessly round the shoulders. Actually, I can't agree with you about a beach coat being a dowdy garment. The newest designs are far from dowdy. They are made, in white drill or pique, just long enough to cover a swimsuit and flared well out at the back.

Three-colored slip

"PLEASE help me with a dress problem. I am eighteen and am having my first really formal evening dress. The material is white organza, but I feel it is going to look too dead white. Could I have it made over a colored slip?"

White organza would look lovely over a pink, blue, and white satin slip. Have the dress made with a very wide ankle-length skirt, the bodice with an off-the-shoulder fichu, finished in the centre front with a clump of the very palest pink cabbage roses. The three-colored slip would be white to the waistline, from the waist to just above the knees blue, and the section from the knee to hemline pink.

Fashion FROCKS

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"MARTHA"—One-piece maternity dress in a pretty and practical design made in printed crepe. The colors are turquoise and navy, light navy and black, red and black, and dark navy, all printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 in. and 34 in. bust, 59/11, 36 in. and 38 in. bust, 72/8. Postage, 1/6 extra.
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The lady
with
a line

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Brunettes who shampoo regularly with Amami No. 1 make a lovely picture. Their hair, lustrous and silky, shines with the most beautiful colours. If you are blonde, use Amami No. 5.

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All the new, rich-warm tones

Try these six new shades in the NEW Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder today. Blonde, brunette or redhead, there's a thrilling rich-warm shade to flatter your complexion.

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"Mocha" for brunettes and dark redheads — the rich new, tawny tints to glorify your sun-kissed complexion.

"Peach" — A new, wickedly flattering, peach-tinted powder for brunettes or blondes.

"Rachel" — Sweet as a dream, this new Pond's shade gives a flatteringly warm overtone to fair complexions.

"Camellia" for blonde complexions — the delicate pinky tone to spin a veil of radiant flattery over your skin.

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A LIGHT TOUCH

By
CAROLYN
EARLE,
Our Beauty
Expert

GOLDEN HAIR and pretty, pale complexions need an occasional helping hand to retain color and condition; here's a simple way to go about it.

- Complexions that acquire the flowery tints of the season's delicate pink cosmetics need to be clear and smooth to receive them.

SKINS that are muddy, sallow, or rather dreary need the pick-up given by the slightly bleaching type of facial which may be applied quite effectively at home.

Nothing elaborate or expensive is necessary. Have ready a bowl of ice cubes, cotton-wool, a strip of gauze, skin tonic, and some 10 vol. peroxide. Pull from the roll a strip of cotton-wool about six inches long by four inches wide. Squeeze it out in cold water, and lay it on the ice cubes in the bowl. Sprinkle well with skin tonic and peroxide.

Press out the moisture and separate the strip into three layers, dividing one section into two pieces, and in another pulling eyeholes.

With the ice bowl near at hand, lie down and place the strip of cotton-wool in which the eyeholes were made over the upper part of the face; next press the second strip over the lower face, and one of the narrow strips over the forehead.

Tie a piece of gauze firmly under the chin, fastening it securely on top of the head, and then fix the last strip of cotton-wool over the eyes.

Using ice cubes from the bowl, "iron" steadily over the mask, firmly along the contours, until the chill seeps through thoroughly.

Relax for at least ten minutes, and emerge firm, cool, and glowing to receive make-up.

Dull hair brighter

STREAKED and discolored hair can also spoil summer beauty, but a simple egg shampoo used frequently may be the means of reviving fairness and lustre as well as making the hair soft, silky, and easy to manage.

This particular version of the egg shampoo will also help brighten grey or white hair which has become dull and yellowed by ordinary soap baths.

Having added one egg, both yolk and white, to a diluted solution of liquid soapless shampoo, the following steps are suggested:—

● Brush the hair briskly for not less than five minutes, starting at the scalp, and pulling the bristles through to the hair ends. Do not hurry this part of the treatment, and brush in every direction.

● Wrap the head in a towel wrung out at intervals in very hot water, and leave on for about fifteen minutes all told.

● Remove towel, massage the scalp briskly, then rewrap for a few extra minutes. Removing the towel, again manipulate the scalp well to stir the circulation and loosen particles of dandruff, if there are any.

● Now wet the hair well with lukewarm water, and apply half the shampoo solution. Be careful not to use hot water, as it may harden the preparation. Work the shampoo well into the hair, then rinse until the rinse-water is quite clear.

● It is now necessary to apply the other half of the shampoo, and repeat the whole process. Follow with another vigorous rinsing in lukewarm water followed by cold, and the hair is ready for gentle drying.

For fullest beauty, do not pin the hair up into curls while it is wet, as it will be more lustrous and amiable redamped for setting.

Treatment for freckles

THERE is also a mild bleach treatment for freckles which involves the daily use of lemon juice, plus a lemon-almond meal mask.

This gentle mask is made by mixing the white of one egg with the strained juice of one lemon, and blending in sufficient almond meal to make a smooth, thin paste.

Using the fingertips, spread the paste over throat, face, arms, or shoulders, or wherever the freckles gather.

Leave the mask on until it dries—at least 20 minutes, longer if there is time and patience holds out. It is quite safe to leave it on for up to 30 minutes while relaxing.

Rinse away with clear, warm water.

Masks of this sort applied twice weekly show good results, but use them not more than once weekly if the skin is fine or at all sensitive.

Out of doors take cover, as the bleach treatment cannot counteract the effect of sun-rays.

For pale hands

FINALLY, let's look at the hands—pale hands, pink-tipped, appreciate slight bleach treatment, too.

Half a lemon, kept in the bathroom, and rubbed over the hands after washing, is a helpful start in pale-hand culture, and an occasional hand-pack conditions the skin as well as making it white and soft.

Olive or peanut oil, mixed to a paste with fullers' earth, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a few drops of peroxide, used lavishly and retained all night under gloves, works well.



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BEAUTIFUL
NEW
BOTTLE

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AC-12



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plus**

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ROYALTY ALMOND PASTE.

ICING PROBLEM SOLVED

It will be almost impossible to obtain icing sugar this season, but Royalty Almond Paste will solve your problem—deliciously. If you can't have a layer of Royalty and a layer of icing you can do the whole job with Royalty. Simply knead Royalty Almond Paste a little, roll to size and mould it on to the cake with a gentle pressure—that's all.

Apply Royalty Almond Paste in plenty of time for it to dry and set nicely in time for the Occasion. You can easily work Royalty Almond Paste into designs and motifs—no other icing or adornment is needed.

Remember to brush the top of the cake with a little beaten egg white before applying the paste so that it will adhere firmly to the surface.

Here's another idea. Why not cut your cake and add a layer of Royalty Almond Paste—it's doubly delicious.

THERE'S A VERY

APPETISING **BASS** DISH FOR EVERY OCCASION

THE question 'what dish shall I serve?' is easily and tastily answered when you have these helpful and nourishing BASS packs in your kitchen. For breakfast lunch or dinner, and those important in-betweens—afternoon savouries and suppers—BASS supplies the answer. It is not 'what dish shall I serve' but 'WHAT a dish I shall serve'—with BASS.



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Good Breakfasts

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

AN appetising breakfast is valuable in two ways. It supplies energy for the tasks of the day, and it induces busy people to spend enough time to enjoy the meal.

Every member of the family, whether going to school or to work, requires a wholesome breakfast.

This also applies to the homemaker, often apt to skip the meal in favor of a piece of toast and a cup of tea, when the family has gone, and as a result to suffer from a limp feeling around mid-morning.

The appetising aroma of well-cooked food is generally as good as an alarm clock to healthy appetites.

It's up to every homemaker to vary the breakfast menu with a surprise dish occasionally, and, which is harder, to try to organize the meal so that there is no atmosphere of rush and flurry.

Choose dishes which are quickly and easily prepared, or quickly finished off in the morning. Make sure that hot foods are really hot, and cold ones cold.

If porridge is served, then vary the service by the addition of honey, cinnamon, orange or lemon rind, or syrup. Another variation is to top each serving with sliced banana.

Good coffee is the hallmark of a good breakfast.

It should never be allowed to boil. Sprinkle pure coffee on to cold water in saucepan, allowing 1 heaped teaspoon of coffee for each cup of water. Add a generous pinch of salt.

Heat slowly until liquid starts to bubble around edge. Shake pan gently—grounds sink slightly and a creamy foam appears on top. Return to stove until liquid again bubbles around edge; strain immediately into heated coffee-pot.

If milk coffee is preferred, make black coffee as directed, reducing quantity of water by half. Half fill each cup and add equal quantity hot milk.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Pork sausages with fried apple rings, tomato slices, and fried bread cubes.

Toast and marmalade.

Fresh fruit.

Coffee.

PORK SAUSAGES WITH TOMATO, APPLE, FRIED BREAD CUBES

Prick and flour sausages, place in small quantity fuming fat in shallow pan. Turn 2 or 3 times, cooking steadily for 10 to 15 minutes according to size of sausages. Lift on to serving dish, keep hot. Cut stale bread into 1 in. cubes, add to fat in pan. Fry golden brown, shaking pan frequently. Drain on kitchen paper, keep hot. Core and slice apples, slice tomato. Fry gently on both sides in the small quantity fat which remains in pan. Serve all hot, garnished with parsley.

MENU 2

Stewed apples with cornflakes.

Hot vegetable medley on toast.

Toast and honey.

Coffee.

HOT VEGETABLE MEDLEY

One and a half cups cooked vegetables (peas, diced carrot, parsnip, celery—left from a previous meal), 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon margarine or bacon fat, 1 tablespoon

flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder (or less, according to taste), salt to taste, 1½ cups milk, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, chopped parsley, 4 slices toast.

Peel and dice onion, place in pan with melted margarine or bacon fat. Cook gently until onion is soft. Add flour, curry powder, and salt, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in vegetables and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Pile on to toast, dust with chopped parsley, serve hot.

MENU 3

Oatmeal porridge with honey and orange rind.

Grilled open sandwiches.

Toast and marmalade.

Fruit. Coffee.

GRILLED OPEN SANDWICHES

Four slices day-old bread, cut 1 in. thick, butter for spreading, 2 dessertspoons peanut butter, 2 medium tomatoes, 4 tablespoons diced uncooked bacon, salt and pepper, parsley to garnish.

Toast bread very lightly on both sides. Spread top lightly with butter (this may be omitted if supply of butter is low), then with peanut butter. Cover with sliced tomato, dust with salt and pepper. Top with diced bacon. Place under hot grill until bacon is quite cooked, garnish with parsley, serve hot.

MENU 4

Chilled grapefruit.

South American gumbo.

Wholemeal toast.

Coffee.

SOUTH AMERICAN GUMBO

Two small onions, 2 medium tomatoes, 1 cup cooked corn, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 4 slices toast, bacon rolls to garnish.

Peel and slice onions, skin and chop tomatoes. Melt bacon fat, add sliced onion, saute 3 or 4 minutes. Add tomato, cover and cook gently 10 minutes. Fold in corn, beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Stir over low heat until thickened. Spoon on to hot toast, garnish with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

MENU 5

Apple and rhubarb compote.

Savory fritters with tomato slices.

Toast and honey.

Coffee.

SAVORY FRITTERS

One cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 or 3 tablespoons diced ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, tomato slices, grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt and pepper; add onion, parsley, and ham. Mix to a thick, smooth batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop a tablespoonful at a time on to hot greased griddle or heavy frying pan. Cook 3 or 4 minutes over steady heat, turn to brown and cook other side. Serve hot, topped with a tomato slice sprinkled with grated cheese.

MENU 6

Orange juice.

Macaroni cheese croquettes with bacon and tomato.

Toast and marmalade.

Coffee.

MACARONI CHEESE CROQUETTES

One and a half cups macaroni cheese (left from a previous meal), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons diced ham, flour, egg glazing, browned crumbs for covering, fat for frying, tomato halves, bacon rolls.

Combine macaroni cheese, breadcrumbs, and ham. Shape a tablespoonful at a time into croquettes, using a little flour for shaping. Dip in egg glazing, drain, toss in crumbs. Fry golden brown in fuming fat, serve with grilled tomato halves and grilled bacon rolls.

FRIED BREAD CUBES

Sliced fried apple and tomato add interest to a breakfast platter of grilled or fried pork sausages. It's simple food, but it adds up to a good, wholesome breakfast.

MENU 7

Creamed ground rice with apricots.

Fried egg nests with bacon rolls.

Toast. Coffee.

CREAMED GROUND RICE

One pint milk, 1 heaped tablespoon ground rice, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, few drops vanilla.

Blend ground rice to a smooth paste with some of milk. Add to balance of milk with sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in lemon juice, lemon rind, and vanilla. Serve cold with stewed fruit. Flavor may be varied with orange juice and rind, nutmeg, cinnamon, honey, almond essence.

FRIED EGG NESTS

Four 1 in. slices stale bread, 4 eggs, bacon rolls, parsley, bacon fat for frying.

Using a 2 in. scone cutter cut a piece from centre of each bread slice. Heat bacon fat in shallow pan, fry bread slices golden-brown on one side, turn. Slip unbeaten egg from cup or saucer into centre cavity. Lower heat and cook gently until egg is set. Baste top several times with the hot fat. Lift carefully on to clean kitchen paper to drain. Serve hot with grilled bacon rolls and parsley. If pan is small, cook one at a time; cover and keep hot.

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Consolation prizes in our £2000 cookery contest

FOLLOWING is a list of the one hundred £2 consolation prize winners in our £2000 Cookery Contest.

See major prize list on pages 17, 21, 22.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

Mrs. L. Alger, 8 Athol Ave., Canterbury, E7, Vic.
Mrs. L. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.
Mrs. M. Anderson, 15 Onslow Gardens, Greenknowe Ave., Potts Pt., N.S.W.
Miss B. Arthur, Stephen St., Annerley, Qld.
Mrs. B. Barrington, Binalong St., Murrumburrah, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. Bassett, George St., Condonboline, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. J. Blatchford, Hill View, Auburn, S.A.
Mrs. M. Brewer, 40 Mt. Dandenong Rd., Ringwood, Vic.
Mrs. M. Benson, 42 Adelaide St., West Ryde, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. Bilton, 51 Lascelles St., Braidwood, N.S.W.
Miss D. Burgess, 26 Merriwa St., Gordon, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. Byars, 87 Carr St., Sth. Geelong, Vic.
Mrs. R. Burns, Darke's Forest, via Helensburgh, N.S.W.
Miss N. Clarke, 349 Parramatta Rd., Leichhardt, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. Cleland, Orana Rd., Mona Vale, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Clayton, 138 Warn St., Armidale, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. B. Cocking, 140 Gibson St., Bowden, S.A.
Mrs. I. Coleman, 2 Broughton St., Paddington, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. S. Constable, "Greylands," Cullbaroo Siding, N.W. Line, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. P. Cooper, 41 Wakefield St., Kent Town, S.A.
Mrs. V. P. Cowley, Fairford, Balaclava, Qld.
Mrs. F. Cox, "Hillcrest," Exton, Tas.
Mrs. B. Davies, 60 Warrangi St., Turrumurra, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. Davies, Corcoran St., Wynnum, Qld.
Miss G. Davis, 35 Garden St., Mascot, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. B. Dean, Marroon, via Boonah, Qld.
Mrs. V. Dimmock, Adam St., West Maitland, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Duke, Darlington, W.A.
Mrs. E. Durston, Gean St., Grange, Qld.
Mrs. M. I. Evans, 37 Harvey St., Nailsworth, S.A.
Mrs. S. Evans, 10 Connil Crescent, Malvern, SE4, Vic.
Mrs. R. Fardon, Kingaroy St., Kingaroy, Qld.
Mrs. E. B. Flynn, 59 South Rd., Edwardstown, S.A.
Mrs. A. G. Forsait, Murray Bridge, S.A.
Mrs. R. Gamlin, 73 Hodder St., East Brighton, SE6, Vic.
Mrs. C. Germann, 33 May St., Nth. Fitzroy, N7, Vic.
Mrs. W. Gracie, Jarra View, Lilydale, Vic.
Mrs. E. Gordon, Wilga Flats, Halsey St., Kingaroy, Qld.
Mrs. L. Hals, 61 Ryan St., Innisfail, Nth. Qld.
Mrs. K. Hochkins, "Concord," 59 Malmalreny St., Kew, E4, Vic.
Mrs. I. Hollister, 59 Mary St., Hawthorn, Vic.
Mrs. J. Hook, Box 82, Pt. Augusta, S.A.
Mrs. S. Howes, 24 Felix St., Woolloowin, Qld.
Miss K. Hurley, Rupanyup, Vic.
Mrs. L. Kaden, Private Bag, Cowell, S.A.
Mrs. V. Kent, 64 Labouchere St., South Perth, W.A.
Miss B. Kerry, Alstonville, N.S.W.
Mrs. P. L. King, 21 Heatherbrae Ave., Caulfield, SE8, Vic.
Mrs. D. H. Kirk Rhyrie, S.A.
Mrs. N. Kurtz, Angaston, S.A.
Mrs. A. Lawrence, 14 Fairfax Terrace, New Mile End, S.A.
Mrs. E. Lawry, 9 Laird St., Geelong West, Vic.
Mrs. K. G. Leask, 93 Herston Rd., Kelvin Grove, Qld.
Mrs. F. Lyons, 45 Fenton St., Devonport, Tas.

NEXT week, the first batch of consolation prize recipes in our £2000 Cookery Contest will be published on this page. They cover all classes of cakes, cookies, meats, desserts, pastries; also scones, teacakes, and whole-some loaves to include in the lunch-box.

A feature of these prize recipes which will be of great interest to all homemakers is the fact that they are simple, made from readily available ingredients, and suitable for everyday family meals or "special occasion" dinners and suppers.

Mrs. D. Lloyd, "Chequers," Main Rd., Kahibah, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. Lovett, 90 French St., Maroubra, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. Macaulay, 42 Dawson St., Waratah, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. Mawson, Maybe St., Bombala, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. Meiklejohn, 49 Cornwall St., Annerley, Qld.
Mrs. B. McCallum, 47 Hampton Rd., Beaconsfield, W.A.
Miss E. McCarthy, 51 Preston St., Geelong West, Vic.
Mrs. J. McKay, 12 Bournian Ave., Strathmore, W6, Vic.
Mrs. A. Mecklen, Sports St., Kedron, Qld.
Mrs. E. Neilson, Sandgate, Qld.
Mrs. A. Newbold, Flat 403C, Hargrave Park, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. N. Newman, 125 Keppel St., Bathurst, N.S.W.
Mrs. K. O'Sullivan, Amiens, via Stanthorpe, Qld.
Mrs. C. Paradise, 63 Lauderdale Ave., Manly, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. A. Parks, 10 Caddy Ave., West Leederville, W.A.
Miss O. D. Pashen, "Wimborne," Stafford, N5, Qld.
Mrs. T. S. Peate, Flagstaff Hill, Tweed Heads, N.S.W.
Miss F. Pernington, 5 Pibroce Ave., Warracoe, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. Phillips, 186 John St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.
Miss T. Plunge, Box 3936, G.P.O., Sydney.
Miss M. Ramsay, 11 Eveleigh St., Woolloowin, N3, Qld.
Mrs. M. Renault, "Esplanade," Oatlands, Tas.
Mrs. A. F. Ridgwell, 23 Granville St., Inverell, N.S.W.
Mrs. H. W. Riedman, Coonewarra, S.A.
Miss J. Rumpf, "Bonnie Doon," Uthoh, Boyne Valley Line, Qld.
Mrs. K. Rundell, 2A Thompson St., Ormond, Vic.
Mrs. F. Schultz, Johnston St., Wingham, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. Sheeton, Combined St., Wingham, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. E. Stokes, 24 Leslie St., Elsternwick, Vic.
Mrs. C. Stott, 21 Brook St., Sth. Brisbane, Qld.
Mrs. N. H. Tanner, 14 Swan St., Guildford, W.A.
Mrs. R. W. Taylor, Stamford St., Yeerongpilly, S4, Qld.
Mrs. E. Tippet, 15 Barnet St., Swan Hill, Vic.
Miss M. Thomas, "Homeleigh," Braxton, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Tuckett, 18 Goulbourn St., Shepparton, Vic.
Mrs. J. Uren, Box 16, P.O., Singleton, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. Walker, 7 Seabrook St., Mount Hawthorn, W.A.
Miss N. Walker, 19 Vicar St., Coogee, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. R. Ward, Neilpe, via Wentworth, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. G. Warne, 19 Pound St., Lismore, N.S.W.
Mrs. H. W. Watt, Bank of N.S.W., Boonah, Qld.
Mrs. J. Weller, 34 Graham St., Gympie, Qld.
Miss A. Wright, 15 Geelong Rd., Ballarat East, Vic.
Mrs. S. M. Wright, 123 William St., Devonport, Tas.
Mrs. C. Wyer, 14 Reyncourt, 69 Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. Young, 58 Urana St., Wagga, N.S.W.



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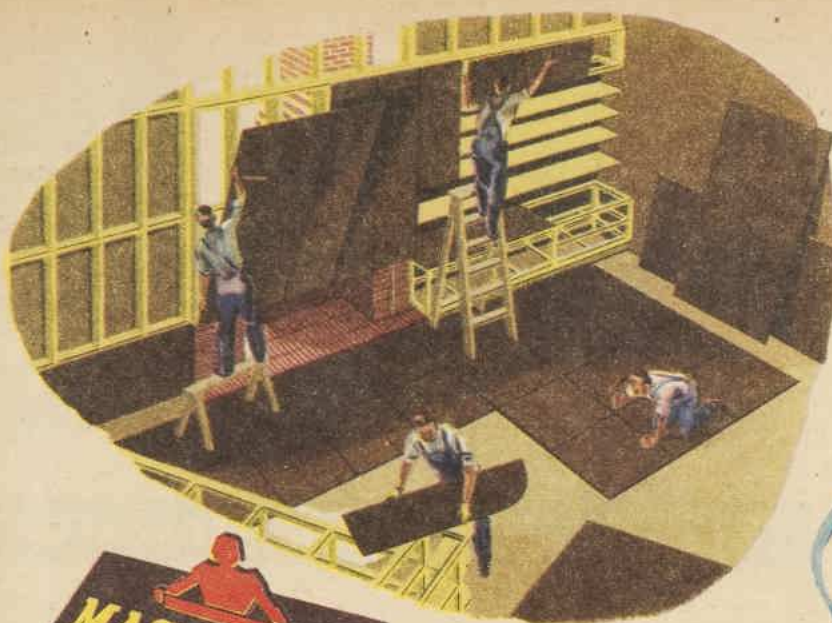
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QUIZ ABOUT YOUR PRESENT ELECTRIC CLEANER

Which of these features do you get with YOUR electric cleaner?

1. Powerful suction that removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly.
2. Swivel jointed carpet nozzle to permit easy cleaning under beds and low furniture.
3. Hygienic dirt ejector making it unnecessary to handle either the dirt or the bag.
4. Upright storage to economise on space—so precious in many homes these days.
5. Quick and efficient service.

If your cleaner lacks all or most of these features replace it now with the post-war HOOVER Cylinder Cleaner which offers you these and many other advantages. The Hoover Cylinder Cleaner is now available for immediate delivery on the easiest terms from your authorised Hoover retailer. Price 18 guineas.



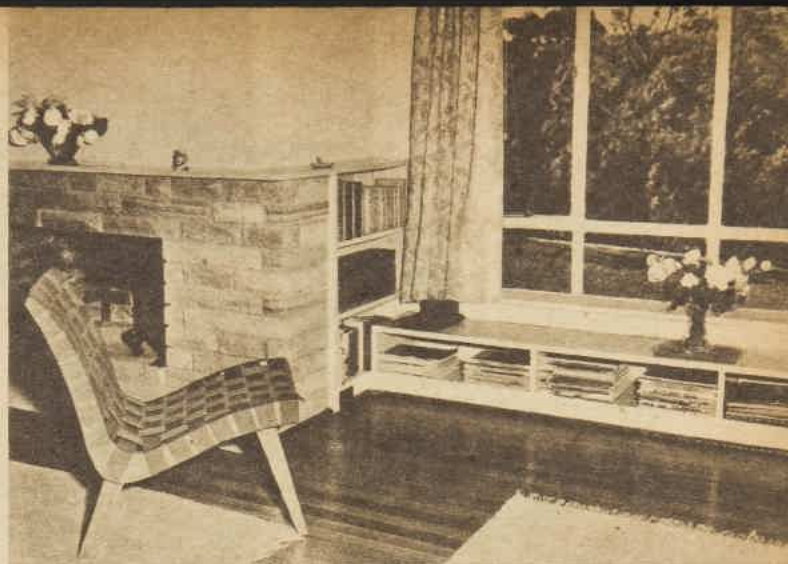
The HOOVER CYLINDER CLEANER

MADE IN ENGLAND

HOOVER (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., 60 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY



STONE fireplace and well-planned shelf arrangement in living-room. Top of bookshelf is used as window-seat. Walls in room are off-white, curtains off-white patterned in turquoise; rugs are mushroom. Venetians are faintly tinted grey-blue.



"IN LINE" DESIGN FOR BUNGALOW

SO that their home would receive the maximum amount of sunshine and fresh air, Sydney architect Mr. A. H. Hanson and Mrs. Hanson built this "in line" bungalow at Killara, N.S.W.

Wide windows and glass doors open from the house into the garden.

An acre of ground surrounds the home, most of it still bush. Cultivation is being planned carefully with a thought to the future. Citrus trees and slow-growing shrubs have been planted, and when the terraces are completed and rock gardens planted the cultivated flowers will blend charmingly with the natural bush.

Space-saving shelves and cupboards are built-in in a variety of ways and painted to match walls.



DINING SECTION of living-room, from which glass doors open on to sunny terrace, with gum-trees in foreground of view. China cabinet built into the wall does not impinge on floor space. Van Gogh picture adds warm touch of yellow.

Carnations flower all the year round...

● Pinks and carnations were two of the earliest plants taken from the wilds to the homes of mankind.—says Our Home Gardener

IT is possible that their fragrance endeared them to women, and this, combined with their long stems, long flowering period, and ease of culture under home-gardening conditions, made them firm favorites.

In the past 50 years the carnation has risen from a humble border plant to third or fourth position in public popularity. In some countries countless millions of plants are flowered annually under glass.

Here, we can grow them out of doors, and obtain flowers practically the year round—and our hybridists have done a wonderful job with the family generally. Many fine new varieties have been produced, and Australian carnations are fast taking a place in the world of horticulture, together with Australian-raised dahlias, roses, and chrysanthemums.

Given good quality soil, well drained and sweet, the carnation does well in practically all States. It likes an open, sunny position, well away from fences or walls. Cold, wet soils are bad for the plants, which develop collar-rot and other diseases under such conditions.

If possible, mix a little clay with sand, and add a little lime and cow manure. Sand alone is unsuitable, as it does not contain sufficient nourishment. Where the soil is heavy it must be made lighter by adding sand, woodashes, and rotted compost.

Raise the beds in heavy soil so that the surplus water runs away fairly freely. These conditions also apply to pinks of all kinds, which suffer from the same diseases and have the same likes and dislikes as their taller, bigger brethren.



CARNATIONS, regarded highly for their fragrance and delicate coloring, grow easily in most parts of Australia. They can be planted almost any time.

Both pinks and carnations can be propagated by layering or from cuttings, and the best time to take cuttings is from April to July, or from August to September—not now.

Sowing time for stocks

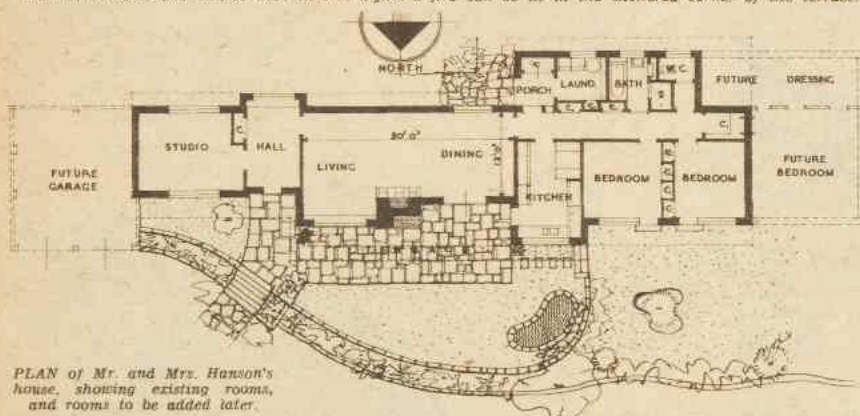
NOVEMBER is here, and that means stock sowing time. The best of the winter blooms are produced from early-sown seed, because the flowers dislike the heat of spring, and always produce the best spikes during winter.

Get your seed from reputable firms, and, if you prefer masses of one color to a mixture, buy seed of select named varieties.

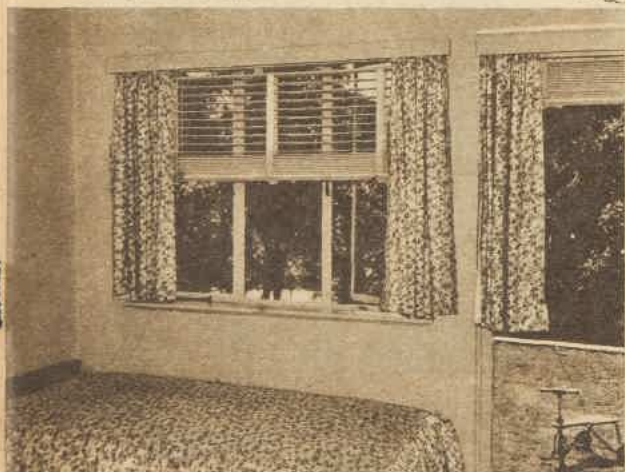
Spray the resultant plants regularly with lead arsenate or D.D.T. to keep down the grubs that riddle the central leaves.



EXTERIOR VIEW of house, which is constructed of common bricks bagged and color-washed pale grey-green. To obtain the effect, mortar between and on bricks is rubbed with hessian. Fireplace has been built both inside and out, so that on still nights a fire can be lit in the sheltered corner of the terrace.



PLAN of Mr. and Mrs. Hanson's house, showing existing rooms, and rooms to be added later.



MR. AND MRS. HANSON'S two small daughters share this pretty bedroom, which opens into the garden. Drapes and bedcovers are blue floral heavy cotton. Walls are palest lavender, floor rug is pink, and flooring cypress pine. One wall consists entirely of built-in closets.

Your baby: IMPORTANCE OF DIET

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

FROM 12 to 15 months of age baby's diet must be watched carefully, as this is an important period in the feeding of every child, and much depends on observing helpful rules at this time.

More hard foods should be given to develop the child's power of mastication, so important for good dentition, and patient training and encouragement to chew well cannot be stressed too much during this period.

Regularity of meal times, which must never be unduly prolonged, no scraps—biscuits or sweets—between meals, the introduction of

unadvised foods, the importance of milk in the diet are all factors to be considered.

Appetites vary greatly and adjustments must be made to suit the individual baby's appetite and needs. Food should never be forced, when a baby is teething or "off-color."

A leaflet giving feeding hints and recipes for this period can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

THE top of a baking-powder tin may be used to chop nuts and raisins. Use the sharp edge of the cover after placing raisins and nuts on a board. A food chopper often cuts them too finely and a knife makes a slower job.

TO cleanse and deodorise a bottle which has held a strong-smelling liquid, rinse with mustard and water, add some fine ashes, and shake well. Rinse bottle several times with soapy water and then clean water, finally drain.

ON a windy day add a little salt to the starch to prevent it blowing out of the clothes.



TO REVIVE wilted flowers, put them into lukewarm water to which a little salt has been added. Violets may be freshened this way: Plunge head first into water, then place them in a tightly lidded aluminium saucepan or billy-can.



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£600 to be won!

"WHY I LIKE S.R. TOOTHPASTE" COMPETITION



Win one of these 1,163 grand prizes by telling why you like **S.R.** Toothpaste

Easy to Enter

There's nothing difficult about this competition. It is straightforward and simple. Grammar or spelling mistakes will not prevent you winning a prize.

These points may help you win £250:

- S.R. saves teeth by guarding gums.
- S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate which is often used in the treatment of inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot.
- S.R. keeps teeth sound and sparkling white.

Owing to legislation in force in the States of Queensland and South Australia, this offer is not available to residents of those States. Persons living in Queensland and S. Australia are not eligible and must not submit entries.

All entries must comply with these simple rules:—

1. In an extra 25 words or less state why you like S.R. Toothpaste, commencing with "I like S.R. Toothpaste because"
2. You may send in as many entries as you wish. Write each entry on a plain sheet of paper and show clearly your name and address and also the name and address of your S.R. supplier.

3. Pin to each entry both end flaps from an S.R. carton and post to S.R. Competition, Box 1590, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. The judges' verdict must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post.

5. Anyone may compete except employees of J. Kitchen and Sons Pty. Ltd. and their connections, or persons resident in the States of Queensland and South Australia. All entries will become the property of J. Kitchen and Sons Pty. Ltd.

The first prize will be awarded to the person who submits what is, in the opinion of the judges, the most apt and most original answer. The additional 162 money prizes will be awarded to the next best answers in order of merit. 1,000 prizes of large tubes of S.R. Toothpaste will be awarded to those entries deserving mention. Each entry submitted will be carefully examined by a selected committee and judged entirely on its merits.

This competition closes on 4th December and no entries will be accepted after that date. All prize winners will be notified and results will be announced in the Sydney Morning Herald on 23rd December, 1948.



Caused by a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

You may think your teeth are sound—but if your gums bleed easily, feel soft or sore—some of those teeth may have to be extracted, unless you act at once. Help save them with S.R.—the new kind of toothpaste which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. ... massage your gums with S.R. and help to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

S.R. TOOTHPASTE
Help save teeth with this new kind of toothpaste

Tear off these flaps—Submit with entry.





NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS...

No. 1112.—POWDER-PUFF AND COMB CASES
The design is clearly traced ready to embroider on Swiss organdie in white, pale blue, pink, green, or lemon. (Lace edge is not supplied.)
SIZES: Puff case 3in. x 3in. and comb case 3in. x 3in., price 7½d. each. Postage 1½d. extra. Set of two 1/1. Postage 1½d. extra.

No. 1113.—HANDKERCHIEF SACHET
The pattern is clearly traced on good quality Irish linen in cream or white, and on sheer linen in pale pink, blue, lemon, or green. (Lace edge is not supplied.) **SIZES:** 8in. x 6in. Price, 1/11. Postage, 1½d. extra.

No. 1114.—HEART-SHAPED DUCHESSE SET
The pattern is clearly traced on good quality Irish linen in cream or white, and on sheer linen in pale pink, blue, lemon, or green.
SIZES: Centre mat 12in. x 18in., side mats 8in. x 8in., price 8/11 complete set. Postage 4½d. extra.

No. 1115.—TULIP DESIGN LUNCHEON SET
The pattern is clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality Irish linen in cream or white, and on sheer linen in pale blue, pink, lemon, or green.
SIZES: Nine piece set comprising 1 centre mat, 11in. x 17in., four plate mats, 11in. x 11in. and four cup mats 5in. x 5in. Price, 12/11 complete. Postage, 5½d. extra. Thirteen piece set, comprising 1 centre mat, 11in. x 17in., six plate mats, 11in. x 11in. and six cup mats, 5in. x 5in. Price 16/11 complete. Postage, 10½d. extra. Serviettes to match, 11in. x 11in., price 1/3 each extra.

No. 1116.—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT AND SOUTWEATER
The pattern is clearly traced ready for you to cut out and machine on good quality British cotton in natural, green, lemon, or light blue.

SIZES: 2 years, 18in. length; suit 5/11, sou'wester 1/8, complete set 7/3. Postage 5½d. extra. 3 years, 19in., suit 6/8, sou'wester 1/11, complete set 8/3. Postage 6½d. extra. 4 years, 20in., suit 6/11, sou'wester 2/3, complete set 8/11. Postage 7½d. extra. 5 years, 21in., suit 7/8, sou'wester 2/8, complete set 9/6. Postage 7½d. extra.

PLEASE NOTE: When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, make a size and color choice to avoid disappointment. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.



• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 29.



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Many people after passing 40 find the strain of modern life almost too much. Prayed nerves, bad temper, listless, inclined to brood over troubles. It is natural that in middle and later life the nerves, in fact the whole system, need some help. That is why thousands turn to WINCARNIS, the marvellous recuperative tonic which strengthens the nerves and pepes up the system, restoring normal good health and joy of living. WINCARNIS is a blending of rich, full-bodied, selected wines with extra fortifying elements. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men have proved WINCARNIS a tonic of extraordinary recuperative powers. Ask your Chemist for WINCARNIS—the Wine of Life.

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F5309.—Lace-trimmed petticoat slip, styled for the longer hemline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for slip, plus 1½yds. 36in. lace and 3½yds. of 2in. lace edging. Price, 1/11.

F5310.—Small girl's sun dress. Sizes 4, 6, and 8 years, or lengths 20, 23, and 27in. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5311.—Button-up dress for a small girl. Sizes 6, 8, and 10 years, or lengths 23, 27, and 31in. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/8.

F5312.—Ballerina dress with an off-the-shoulder bodice and gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, plus 9yds. of ribbon for trimming. Price, 1/11.

F5313.—Slickly tailored bolero suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5314.—Lace-trimmed blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material for the blouse, and 6yds. lace edging for trimming. Price, 1/8.

F5315.—Softly moulded bodice and full skirt combine for a trim one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.



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